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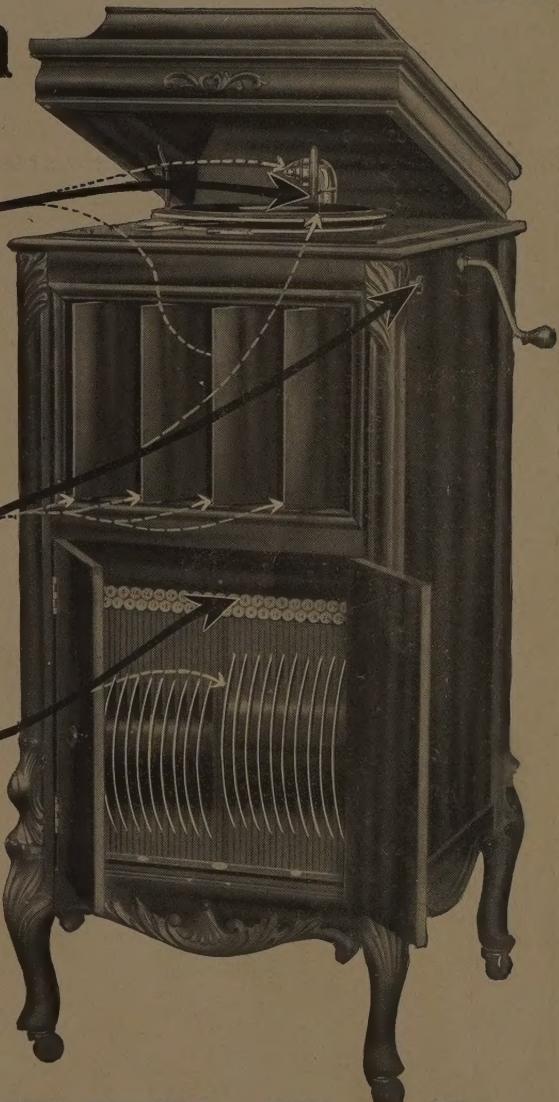
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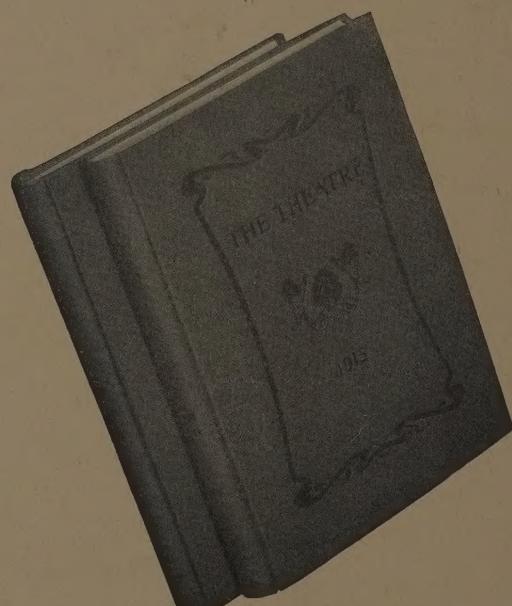
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White

Xmas 1915

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE COVER:

Portrait in colors of Miss Geraldine Farrar as Carmen

The colored portraits that appear on our covers are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage.

To be put on the cover of this magazine as a reward of merit. Money cannot buy the privilege and this applies to the inside contents of the magazine as well. If readers knew the artist paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real talent, the portraits are eagerly collected as souvenirs. Miss Farrar was born at Melrose, near Boston, Mass., and inherited her vocal gift from her parents. She was encouraged to cultivate her voice and studied with Mrs. Long of Boston. Later she came to New York and studied singing and elocution. Then she went to Paris where she met Mme. Nordica, who advised the young girl to go to Germany. After continuing her studies in Berlin she got an offer at the Royal Opera House. Later Lilli Lehmann became her teacher. Her success in Berlin opened the way for an engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House where she repeated her European triumph. Recently Miss Farrar made her screen début as Carmen and met with phenomenal success.

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in *THE THEATRE*. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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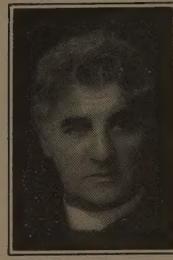
The Theatre for January

THE THEATRE will begin the new year stronger and better than ever. The January issue will be a number that no theatre-goer can afford to miss. Alan Dale, the famous humorist, will continue his amusing feuilletons on stage topics; David Belasco, America's most famous producer, contributes an important article on the old and the new art of the theatre; Archie Bell, the well-known critic recently returned from a visit to Bayreuth, gives more interesting stories of the Wagner family, together with a highly interesting pen portrait of that remarkable woman Frau Cosima; Edith Wynne Matthison and Lillian Russell discuss the question, "Is the Stage a Perilous Place for the Young Girl?" The issue also contains many other timely features of exceptional interest. Some of the leading features are:

The Humor of Casting Plays

By ALAN DALE.

An entertaining article showing how the present day producer, throwing traditions and common sense to the winds, selects types rather than actors.



DAVID BELASCO



ALAN DALE

The Old and the New in the Theatre

By DAVID BELASCO.

An important article by America's most famous producer on the old and the new methods of stage production.

Mrs. Gadderabout Describes a Play

By LEWIS ALLEN.

Amusing sketch satirizing the average society woman who goes to the play and tries to describe afterward what she has seen to her friends.

The Woman Who Influenced Wagner

By ARCHIE BELL.



FRAU COSIMA

Frau Cosima, daughter of Franz Liszt, is to-day an old woman. She is the most historical character alive. Interesting secrets of the Wagner family, showing that she wrote Wagner's autobiography, and that she has a daily record of her life with the composer from the day she met him, record to be published after her death.

Vicissitudes of a Playwright

By LYNDE DENIG.

"Before a man succeeds in writing a play, he usually spends about ten years in the effort." Jules Eckert Goodman, who dramatized "Treasure Island," tells of his early struggles as a dramatist.



MISS MATTHISON

Is the Stage a Perilous Place for the Young Girl?

By EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON
AND LILLIAN RUSSELL.

A well-known actress once said that if she had a younger sister the stage was the last place in the world she would allow her to be. Other players contend that conditions behind the footlights are no worse than in other careers for women. These two well-known actresses discuss this interesting question from different points of view.



LILLIAN RUSSELL

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XXII.

DECEMBER, 1915

No. 178

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City.



White

VIRGINIA FOX BROOKS AND LEO DITRICHSTEIN IN "THE GREAT LOVER" AT THE LONGACRE



IN "Quinneys," one of the most English dramas seen in America for some time, there is a character, one Mr. Cyrus P. Hunsaker, who hails from these United States. He is supposed to be

fabulously wealthy and on the lookout for the purchase of anything that is expensive. The character, from the author's point of view, is a thoroughly consistent one, but why the part should be played by an actor of pronounced English type is not so clear. Bringing over here an English actor to impersonate an American is a bad case of carrying coals to Newcastle. The history of the stage contains many amusing examples of incongruous casting of this kind. We remember Bronson Howard looking back on his "Saratoga" and smiling over the way in which he made the Americans walk about the stage exclaiming "Egad!" We recall the strangeness evident in the person of Asa Trenchard, during Mr. Sothern's revival of "Our American Cousin," where the American character was overemphasized by his homespun characteristics and drawling voice. When Paul Armstrong's "The Heir to the Hoorah" was presented, some westerners came East to see it, and laughed to scorn the Eastern idea of how the Western miner dressed.

* * *

ONE week was sufficient to prove that the public had no interest in "What Money Can't Buy," and so George Broadhurst's "new telling of an oft told tale" went into the discard. Perhaps on general principle, people are a little tired of that aggressive American capitalist who by his money rules everything from big business to little kingdoms.

* * *

THE patron of a ten-cent store recognizes that what he purchases in one of those emporiums is worth very nearly a dime. The patron of one of the recognized theatres, where \$2.00 is the usual charge for a seat, has no assurance—judging from the past—that the value he will get in return will be anywhere near that amount. Is it a wonder, then, that the theatregoer now displays some selection in the matter of his entertainments? It is absurd to arbitrarily set a fixed price when the offerings in dramatic interest and deftness of execution vary so much. Managers ought to be wise enough to admit that there is some distinction between a "Mr. Myd's Mystery" and "The Unchaste Woman," just as there is a very differing value between "Miss Information" and "The Boomerang." The cost alone for cast and production of "Chin Chin," for instance, should naturally command a higher price than say some farce employing six people and a single scene. Yet there it is. Tickets are \$2.00. You may draw "Hobson's Choice" or you may get a lemon. If managers fear the movies so much, shouldn't they offer some protection to their steady and faithful patrons?

* * *

TWO important theatrical announcements were made recently, each of which is expected to have a far-reaching effect on the drama. Cecil Lean's name will hereafter appear in larger type in the advertisements of "The Blue Paradise," and a telephone has been installed in Julia Arthur's dressing room to enable her to talk nightly with her husband, who is in Boston.—New York Tribune.

* * *

WHAT have become of Granville Barker's loudly heralded plans to reform the theatre in America? It is odd that this English producer who came to New York last year with a great fanfare of trumpets to introduce here the "new art" of the theatre and to "revolutionize"

The Editor's Chair

*If there's a hole in o' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you takin notes,
And faith he'll prent it:*

BURNS.

stage lighting, scenery and costumes, should this year be filling dates on a lyceum lecture tour, without the aid of lights, scenery or costumes! If the Barker ideas, enthusiastically endorsed by a small coterie of "intellectuals" and a group of wealthy patrons of the drama, were really sound, why have they not found general acceptance among our leading managers, and why is not Mr. Barker himself making productions instead of confining his activities to mere academic discussion on the lecture platform?

* * *

TALK of the influence and moral uplift of the stage! While performing in "The Revolt" in Newark recently, Olga Petrova received this letter: "My Dear Mme. Petrova—I saw your play Monday evening, and decided to use it in my business. I am a lawyer, and I had a client who wanted to divorce her husband. I prevailed upon her to see you in 'The Revolt' Wednesday night, and, at my solicitation, her husband saw the play Thursday night. Yesterday they got together and made up. You and the play did it." Billy Sunday sit up and take notice!

* * *

SPEAKING about Petrova, every time the actress enters the dining room of any of the big hotels in any of the cities where she has previously appeared, the musicians start playing *Volkslied auf dem Volga*. They know that this folk song of the Volga, sometimes called the boatman's song, is her favorite piece. Madame Petrova is Polish, of English parentage on her paternal side. When only sixteen she became the wife of a Russian nobleman named Petronowitz. Hence the name Petrova. She is married to an American, Dr. John D. Stewart, a prominent surgeon, formerly of Indianapolis and now of New York.

* * *

WHY do not managers go to more trouble to "dress" their houses? In Europe, one of the most attractive features of an evening at the play is to see the stalls filled with women handsomely gowned and all the men in dress suits. It imparts to the house an air of refinement and culture that is sadly lacking in American theatres. Our silly and mistaken conception of the word democracy prevents managers from insisting on full dress. In our present stage of civilization, it is impossible, if not illegal, to prevent a man attired in a loud check business suit from occupying an orchestra chair. But certainly managers can see to it that free seats are withheld from persons who are not on speaking terms with the bath tub. How often, at the theatre, one finds oneself seated next to persons with dubious finger nails and linen not above reproach. If managers are under obligations to issue passes to certain trades closely allied with the theatre—persons whose occupations do not permit of a washup before theatre-time—why not use seats in the balcony for the purpose?

* * *

THE PURPLE LADY," like the ladies of so many other colors, has gone the way of the films. This farcical comedy from the German by Sydney Rosenfeld has appeared in almost every theatrical guise, "from the Holy City to the Split," as the phrase used to be, and in all guises or disguises she has made trouble. Maude Harrison was the first Purple Lady when the play was produced at the Bijou fifteen years

ago, but she didn't last long, being succeeded in a week or two by Laura Burt. The fun of the piece was too obvious for a genuine stage success, as obvious as Queenie Vassar's (she was in the cast) style of playing, but audiences want more primitive effects now-a-days, and this effete comedy may be exactly suited to this moving picture age.

* * *

THOUGH few, eventually, ever produce his works, players are fond of utilizing Shakespeare as an advertising medium. They all adore the Bard and only a cruel fate prevents them from personating some favorite character. At the beginning of each season we are promised numerous Shakespearian productions, but June finds them still in the air. Several years ago it was stated that Maude Adams would get together a repertoire of his comedies. Ethel Barrymore would do Beatrice, William Gillette would break free from "Secret Service" and don the inky cloak of Denmark's Prince, and David Warfield essay Shylock. Now Elsie Janis declares that to act Juliet would top her ambition. Sometimes the shoemaker makes a better job of it by sticking to his last.

* * *

THE legal profession has usually been accorded the palm in the art of giving a reverse twist to compliments. Now theatrical men are running a close second. The speech-making season of 1915 is young. Month by month the crop of witticisms will increase; but up-to-date the prize goes by common consent to Rennold Wolf for his remark at the Friars banquet given in honor of W. A. Brady: "I know that Bill Brady is thoroughly democratic. During his whole career he has never believed in royalties."

* * *

A WELCOME innovation in the way of theatre programs has recently been tried by Cohan and Harris for the Candler Theatre where "The House of Glass" is now running. The names of the members of the cast (in the order of their appearance) are illustrated with miniature portraits on the borders of the program. The idea is not exactly new. Some of the Paris theatres have been doing it for a long time. As a sort of "first aid" to theatre-going it ought to take here. There is no longer an excuse for confusing identities of players; moreover pages of this kind are just the thing to delight theatre-goers who save their programs.

* * *

TRANSFORMING the Century into a Music Hall proved a fiasco like every other attempt to do something with this huge, unwieldy theatre which well-meaning millionaires consecrated to Dramatic Art. As a place of amusement the edifice is apparently doomed. Opera, plays, concerts, ballets, all have been tried in turn. There remains only the "movies" and after that—the wrecker.

* * *

MR. CHARLES KLEIN is writing a life of her husband, who perished on the *Lusitania*. The book ought to prove interesting reading. Charlie Klein, a genial, good natured soul, without an enemy in the world, was in close touch with the American stage for nearly forty years. He called every producer and every player by his or her first name, and what he didn't know about the ins and outs of the play-writing game wasn't worth knowing. The story of his career, early struggles with poverty, and final success should inspire the most discouraged beginner with renewed hope. He combated and overcame difficulties that would have driven any ordinary man to suicide, and at last reaped the reward, accumulating a large fortune which, alas, he was not long permitted to enjoy.





Photos White

KHYVA ST. ALBANS

Now appearing at the 44th Street Theatre as Juliet

LONGACRE. "THE GREAT LOVER." Romantic comedy in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein and Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Produced on November 10th with the following cast:

Mr. Stapleton, Lee Millar; Maestro Cereale, Wm. Ricciardi; Dr. Mueller, M. D. Shatto; Farnald, Julian Little; Ward, Frederick Macklyn; Kartzag, George E. Romain; Carl Losseck, Alfred Kappler; Sparapani, Antonio Salerno; Jean Paurel, Leo Ditrichstein; Carlo Sonino, Malcolm Fassett; Posansky, Alexis H. Polianov; Mme. Treller Beinbrich, Anna McNaughton; Giulia Sabittini, Beverley Sitgreaves; Ethel Warren, Virginia Fox Brooks; Bianca Sonino, Camilla Dalberg; Mrs. Peter Van Ness, Cora Witherspoon; Mrs. Fred Schuyler, Madeleine Durand; Bertie Barnes, Leslie Ryecroft; Dr. Stetson, Arthur Lewis.

As author and star Leo Ditrichstein has scored a double triumph at the Longacre. "The Great Lover," which he wrote in collaboration with Frederic and Fanny Hatton, is a delightfully refreshing comedy of romance and humor. A dramatization of life behind the scenes at the Metropolitan Opera House, it bristles with human touches, deft observation and trenchant diverting realism. As the favorite singer of the hour, Jean Paurel, Ditrichstein has composed for himself a rôle that fits the every phase of his resourceful art like a glove. The spoiled child of fortune, the hero of a thousand love affairs, the alternately selfish and generous artist, the boy, the man and the virtuoso are depicted by him with a varying touch, exquisite in fineness and general effectiveness. As Ethel Warren, the young lyric soprano, who is prepared to sacrifice herself out of gratitude and sympathy for Paurel, Virginia Fox Brooks acts with engaging simplicity and sincerity; Paurel's young rival in love and art is played with nice frankness by Malcolm Fassett, while his valet is distinctly and effectively sketched by John Bedouin. The jealously temperamental Italian soprano, Giulia Sabittini, is a real character as represented by Beverley Sitgreaves, while out of a mass of types representative of musical life Wm. Ric-



JULIA ARTHUR IN "THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE"

ciardi is most amusing as an impulsively ebullient Italian conductor, and Julian Little is a contained secretary of a most harassed impresario. The staging is a model of its kind. Altogether "The Great Lover" proved an immediate success and is certain to be an enduring one.

48TH STREET. "THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE." Play in three acts by Robert McLaughlin. Produced on November 1st with this cast:

Paul Bradshaw, Robert Hudson; Arnold Macy, Frank Byrne; John Bellamy, Lowell Sherman; Elizabeth Bradshaw, Claire Burke; Martha Bradshaw, Louise Randolph; Elijah Bradshaw, Emmett Corrigan; Rev. Birmingham Smollet, Arnold Lucy; Rev. James Gleason, Alphonse



Photos White ELSE ADLER AS TOOTSI IN "AROUND THE MAP"

Ethier; Otto, William J. Phinney; The Woman, Julia Arthur; Judge Bascomb, Harry Harwood; Blanche Du-mond, Lucile Watson; Dan Burke, E. M. Dresser.

In "The Eternal Magdalene," Mr. Robert McLaughlin, a new man writing on an old subject, contrives, at once, to be sincere and theatrical, honest and fallacious, realistic and symbolical, impressive with truth and diverting with junk. On the whole, the play is worth the while and will probably have its audiences, not because it accomplishes anything of a remediable nature, but because it is characterized by those emotional and sympathetic qualities without which no play of purpose can be effective. Perhaps there is no human being who is without some compassionate regard, for the sake of humanity, for woman in her unhappiest state, and whose pity is not a token of affection for what she represents in the dual unity of life. To have this feeling stirred by a play is helpful and not harmful. The story of the play was told in full in our last issue, so it is unnecessary to repeat it here. The reappearance on the stage, after a retirement of a number of years, of a popular, attractive and skilled actress, would not determine the success of "The Eternal Magdalene"; but Miss Julia Arthur is fortunate with the play and the play is fortunate with her. The cast, headed by Emmett Corrigan, is of unusual quality, and as there is much in the play that is episodic none is without opportunities in "bits" of acting. Harry Harwood, for example, brings to a scene

dramatization of his own successful novel, "The Quinneys." Capitally constructed, expressed with true literary finish it is a sane and entertaining comedy free from exaggeration retailing a story which can never grow old, the triumph of youthful love. It is an admirable company which presents it. As the pig-headed, kindly obstinate dealer in antiques Frederick Ross gives a sketch of Yorkshire character that suggests in its faithful detail pages from Dickens, while his daughter, who insists on marrying the foreman in her father's shop in spite of his opposition, Miss Peggy Rush is fascinatingly girlish. In addition to her youthful charms Miss Rush is a capital

or two humor and character ripened by years of experience. Lucille Watson, Robert Hudson, Frank Byrne, Lowell Sherman, Louise Randolph were all good.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "QUINNEYS." Comedy in four acts by Horace Annesley Vachell. Produced on October 18th with the following cast:

Joseph Quinney, Frederick Ross; Susan, Margaret Watson; Posy, Peggy Rush; Sam Tomlin, Arthur Grenville; Mabel Dredge, Kathleen Nesbitt; James, Cecil Fletcher; Cyrus P. Hunsaker, Herbert Evans; Du-pont Jordan, Cyril Griffiths.

In these days when plays, which seemed to have been written over night, are pitch-forked on to the stage it is quite refreshing to witness anything so wholesome, fresh and true to life as Horace Annesley Vachell's

actress. The endurance tried wife is a real creation at the hands of Margaret Watson, and her brother-in-law, also becomes a living type as breathed by Arthur Grenville.

COMEDY. "HOBSON'S CHOICE." Comedy in four acts by Harold Brighouse. Produced on November 8th with the following cast:

Alice Hobson, Viola Roach; Maggie Hobson, Molly Pearson; Vickie Hobson, Olive Wilmot Davis; Albert Prosser, Harold de Becker; Henry Horatio Hobson, A. G. Andrews; Mrs. Hepworth, Marie Hudspeth; Timothy Wallow (Stubby), Harry J. Ashford; William Mossop, Whitford Kane; Jim Heeler, Walter Fredericks; Ada Figgins, Agnes Dorntee; Fred Beenstock, Barnett Parker; Dr. Macfarlane, Robert Forsyth.

Harold Brighouse, one of the writers brought forward by Miss Horniman's Manchester Repertory Theatre, has caught the trick of naturalness in playwriting. His "Hobson's Choice" is a transcript of Lancashire life, without idealization, the ideal, as is often the case, already existing in the circumstances that are commonplace. These people living in this little corner of the world are just as human as may be found anywhere. In spirit and substance it is something after the manner of "Bunty," but surely of independent origin, for Maggie Hobson is a character that owes nothing to the stage or its traditions. She is so unassuming, although full of resolution and enterprise, that to call her to the footlights for praise is something of an intrusion upon this little person who has attended strictly to business and so effectually regulated the affairs of the family. Her father is a shoemaker and dealer in shoes in a small town. A hard master of the family he is, with old-fashioned ideas about the women of his household, a widower with three daughters. He impresses it on Maggie that she is too plain to expect a husband, and that when her two sisters are married, he intending to see them married off to suit himself, she is to remain to keep house and the shop. Maggie has no suitors, but she gets an idea forthwith. We have had a scene in which a fashionable woman has

called to ask who made her last pair of shoes and to order that he alone should attend to her work hereafter



PRETTY GIRLS IN "AROUND THE MAP" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

The oldest of the workmen called up from the shop below confesses that they were not his work. William Maddox is summoned through the trapdoor and praised. Maggie, left alone, summons William, a stout, overgrown lad with a pudding face, and makes him understand that she is going to marry him. She puts it on a business basis. William is already engaged to the thin visaged girl who brings his lunch, but presently that obstacle is removed without any scheming. The father orders her and William out of the house, and they set up an establishment of their own, home and shop. They succeed, and the business of the father's shop declines. When the father falls ill and asks that one of his daughters come to live with him, the other two daughters, now married, decline, but Maggie thinks it her duty to do so on the condition that he take William into partnership.

The players are very capable. Molly Pearson was delightful as Maggie. Mr. Whitford Kane, as William, and Mr. A. G. Andrews, as the father, being particularly of the soil—as well as of the stage. The entire company is good, and they should carry far their propaganda of wholesome amusement.

ELTINGE. "FAIR AND WARMER." Farce in three acts by Avery Hopwood. Produced on November 6th with the following cast:

Billy Bartlett, John Cumberland; Laura Wheeler, Janet Beecher; Jack Wheeler, Ralph Morgan; Blanche ("Blanny") Wheeler, Madge Kennedy; Phillip Evans, Hamilton Revelle; Tessie, Olive May; Harrigan, Robert Fisher; Pete Mealy, Harry Lorraine.

An amiable husband who likes to drowse over his newspaper, and who would go to bed at eight o'clock every night if he had his own way, after an exciting experience in which he appears to be exposed as a monster of hypocrisy and amorous enterprise directed against the wife of his neighbor, is absolved of suspicion, seats himself in his accustomed easy chair and turning to his newspaper reads: "Fair and Warmer." The happenings are extremely and continuously amusing, else it would not be farce. Madge Kennedy brings to the play her delightful delicacy and an entire sincerity in her abandonment

humdrum husband whose spirited wife has been taken off for an evening out by the husband who is supposed to be alert for adventure, the two follow certain advice that has been given to them and determine to show their spirit in order to counteract the tendencies of their respective partners. He is to show his wife that he has spirit, she to show her husband that two could play at the same game. Neither of the forelorn ones is adapted to or inclined to this undertaking. In discussing the plan the two determine that they could add to their courage by taking their first drink. They wheel out the cabinet of bottles and proceed to build the mysterious cocktail. Is



White Lydia Lopokova and Ralph Roeder in "Whims" at the Bandbox Theatre



Talbot

GABY DESLYS
To be seen shortly
in a new revue
"Stop, Look, and
Listen!" at the
Globe Theatre



White John Charles Thomas and Marguerite Namara in Franz Lehár's operetta "Alone At Last" at the Shubert Theatre

foolery, exaggerating nature hardly at all, and certainly not misusing her art. Her husband in the play is supposed to be having his fun in the world while he pretends to get off nights to his lodge. Left alone with the

ignorance of what constitutes a cocktail and the putting together, after much doubt, a combination of liquids of formidable potency amusing at all or amusing enough to cause undissenting and continuous laughter? Is the silliness of wine in the head comical? Theoretically, no. Billy Bartlett and "Blanny" Wheeler were innocent of any intention of taking too much. The curtain left the two sitting side by side, with sleepy heads nestled shoulder on shoulder. When they are discovered the scandal and the turmoil take on proportions for which they are not prepared. The farce has the merit of being increasingly amusing up to the end. Billy's experience in bed in the last act, recovering from his unintended excesses of the night before, is vastly amusing. His wife is about to vacate the house and brings in the van movers with orders to take the bed in which Billy is tossing. He protests, for "Blanny," fleeing from her angry husband, has just hid under it on hearing Billy's wife coming. As in every good farce all the parts offer opportunities. Thus Robert Fischer, big and rough, with his much smaller assistant who does all the work, has a moment or two worth the while. Olive May has a small part of the servant, but there is no waste of effort in the least little thing she does. Janet Beecher, Billy's wife, has plenty to do, and it is a pleasure to see her do it, in her dominant and attractive way. John Cumberland, the husband, who finally finds it "fair and warmer," is particularly good and gets applause, partly, because he does not seem to play for applause. Chief of them all is Madge Kennedy, who is charming innocence itself in spite of the cocktails, and on through her trials, until her husband kisses away her reproaches.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "AROUND THE MAP." Musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan; music by Herman Finck. Produced on November 1st with the following cast:

Impikoff, William Norris; Count de Gai, Robert G. Pitkin; Ludovici Sacarappa, Arthur Klein; Toto De Beers, P. O'Malley Jennings; Pearly Rheinstein, Tyler Brooke; Hippolyte Bonn, Irving Brooks; Pierie, Edwin Wilson; M. Alphonse, Freddy Nice; M. Gustave, Bob C. Adams; Boy, Irving Gross; Jacqueline Bonheur, Else Alder; Lulu Cachou, Georgia O'Ramey; Madame Kapinski, Hazel Cox; Schwartz, James McElhern. (Continued on page 320)



White Madge Kennedy and John Cumberland in "Fair and Warmer" at the Eltinge Theatre

**BILLIE BURKE**

This popular actress has abandoned her idea of appearing this season in a dramatization of Hall Caine's novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." According to an announcement made recently by Mr. Flo Ziegfeld, her husband and manager, she will use an Irish play of lighter theme.

The Foibles of First-Night Audiences

By ALAN DALE

With caustic humor the critic flays theatre audiences for their bad manners—arriving late and disturbing the scene, showing indiscriminate enthusiasm for good and bad alike, making the play of secondary importance to the social function, inanely insisting on ‘a speech,’ etc.—an amusing and vigorous indictment, the justice of which appeals to every theatregoer

MODERN audiences—and especially modern “first-night” audiences—should be rehearsed diligently and mercilessly by an inexorable and unbending stage manager. There is no doubt at all about it. I have reached that conclusion slowly and perhaps painfully, as the only solution of a very vexed problem. There is no reason on earth why all the flamboyant and spectacular people who assist at the launching of new plays should not behave themselves discreetly, intelligently and gracefully, and why they should not be taught how to do all this at a rehearsal. You see, the behavior of an audience nowadays is very important, and every properly ill-regulated critic notes that behavior.

In fact, the new and properly ill-regulated critic is often instructed to delete as many of his opinions (and even a baseball reporter has opinions, you know) as he possibly can, and to gauge the attitude of the audience. This sounds awfully nice and easy, until you remember that a modern audience often has no attitude at all. Then, of course, it is all exceedingly complicated. Why should an audience lack attitude? One rehearsal would redeem the entire situation. If we knew beforehand when to laugh, or, better still, when *not* to laugh; if we could get some inkling of the precise moment when to applaud, instead of applauding, as we do, at the precisely wrong moment; if we were quite certain of the exact time at which the play didn't begin, so that we could all be late together; if, in fact, we were drilled into good and kind behavior, matters would be so much simpler for the reporters who record these roseate occasions for the bashful patrons of—the movies!

As it is, the hard-working reviewer can merely remark in a perfunctory way, “The audience applauded incessantly,” or, “The theatre rocked with laughter,” or, “Play and players scored a triumph.” Of course, those phrases are very pleasant and soothing in their way, but they pall by frequent repetition. It is further discouraging to find that the “plays and players” that “scored a triumph” on Monday night are often comfortably ensconced in the storehouse on Saturday night. A well rehearsed audience might obviate all this to a certain extent. I can't for the life of me see why Mr. William A. Brady, for instance, who is such a splendid mob rehearser—how he *can* make all those uncouth youths shout, “Oh!” and “Ah!” in the most realistic manner!—could not do something of the sort with audiences. Take, for example, “Stolen Orders.” I thought that it was a particularly fine production, but it was withdrawn. Suppose the audiences had been taught *how* to appreciate it! The manager knows; he *must* know. Why not let us into the secret and rehearse us?

Modern audiences do not fulfill their duty, and certainly they seldom seem to enjoy themselves. The “first-night” audience, which is analyzed by critic-reporters quite as zestfully as the play itself, is a curious affair that appears to regard the “drammer” as a sort of gap between dinner and supper. The former is digested

as slowly and as painlessly as possible, in order that the latter may loom auspiciously as the event of the day. Modern audiences are very particular about discovering the announced hour of the play's start, so that they may be exactly half an hour late. A kind of reception is held in the lobby—I am alluding specifically to “first-nights”—and the fine feathers of the women are ostentatiously displayed for fear that they might possibly escape attention later. It is really very festive and exhilarating. You strain your ears to detect perchance some allusion to the play that is to be released (I thank the films for that word, and it is about all I *can* thank them for), but nothing of the sort occurs.

Perhaps you hear this: “Where are *you* going after the show? We've ordered a table at So-and-So's. I want to try a new dance to-night. Perhaps we shall see you. Don't be late. We shall be there at eleven-fifteen, no matter what happens.”

Or: “A whole crowd of us will be at the Trois-Etoiles to-night, and I fancy it will be very jolly. Why not join us, as you happen to be downtown? You see, we are all dressed for the fray, and—well, see you later.”

Not a word about the play. That is merely something to tide over the vacant hours between dinner and supper, and to tide them over as innocuously as possible. As the orchestra strikes its first chord, or the Belasco bells chime, these dear, busy little things stream into the theatre, for all the world like sheep led to the slaughter. Sometimes it is very amusing, quite the most amusing feature of the evening. But these gentle, pliable souls could be taught to assume an interest even if they have it not. Again I say: “Rehearse 'em.”

When in their seats, their minds wander to the wonderful occupants of other seats. These never vary, but just as children love oft-told tales, so modern audiences adore oft-recurring “first-nighters.” A large gentleman wearing diamonds as houses wear door-knobs enters late, and sheds an effulgence upon the aisle down which he passes. “There he goes!” they whisper with the enthusiasm of hayseeds. An un-ageing lady, all encircled in pearl necklaces and hung with “jools” saunters slowly down, with a youth who is dodging the train of her gown. “There she is!” they whisper again in an ecstasy of provincial joy. A stout actress who is “resting”—and how actresses “rest” is amazing!—captures their attention, and they know all about her—the latest thing in husbands that she has annexed, and the newest thing in plays that she threatens to produce.

The play of this evening may be “Hamlet.” It may be a musical comedy. It may be a Greek gem by Sophocles, who is *very* popular in New York, but the attitude of the audience is the same. Why should it be? Why should such a condition of things prevail when we know that the attitude of the audience means the tone of next day's criticism? Both seem to be inordinately and vociferously joyous.

London audiences are usually held up as cruel,

brutal, and even barbarous, because they have the courage to express their disapproval of plays by what they call “boo-ing.” Frequently they call out an author, and when the poor old thing appears they hoot him. But at least he knows the worst, and if his fond dream has vanished, it has vanished quickly. His hopes have been removed by clever surgery.

Here audiences are not brutal. They are hypocritically affectionate. With no genuine love of the theatre in their hearts (and again I am speaking of “first-night” audiences) they applaud a malevolent play quite as strenuously as they do a benevolent one. They are not brutal, but there is a sort of subtle deviltry in their behavior. Part and parcel of the game that they must play until the supper hour arrives is the summoning of the author. This is nearly inevitable. Why they clamor to see him is mysterious. But they do. And when he appears, pale, proud, and fatuous, they call out, “Speech!” and call it out until he is foolish enough to comply.

They love to hear him thank them, and he does it with sort of choked-with-happy-emotion hesitancy. In the case of a failure he makes practically the same remarks as in the case of a success. He thanks them for applauding his poor effort; it is the most jubilant moment of his life; it is not all due to him, but to the wonderful manager who staged his play (after cutting it to pieces, which he fails to add), and to the perfectly marvelous company that has quickened it into life. I think it is awfully sad. It is sad enough to listen to such bathos when the play has leaped into success; it is abjectly pathetic when it has sloughed itself into failure. In any case, the speech is superfluous, and even impertinent.

To thank an audience for enjoying a good thing is quite silly. To thank an audience for enjoying a bad thing is insolent—and so very often the audience insists that the playwright shall do it! The wise man would be the author who shatters no illusions by refusing to show himself to the crowd, patiently waiting for the verdict of other and worthier audiences before buoying himself up with false hopes.

Still, the satire of the proceeding is rather gorgeous, don't you think? The unfortunate stars, as well as the melancholy playwrights, join in the burlesque of the speech and cater to the yellow minds of the “first-nighters.” Of course, the well-rehearsed speeches of DeWolf Hopper, Raymond Hitchcock, and a few other comedians with a sense of humor, are lovely and amusing. But the playwrights and serious actors who thank you for being there, when you are fervently wishing yourselves tucked up in your little bedstead, are grotesque. I see those pale youths, night after night, offering themselves as sacrifices to the ruthless demand for cheap entertainment on the part of audiences, and my fount of humor dries up. It is pathetic.

If Mr. Brady—again I allude to the finest handler of mobs that we possess (do you remember his mob in “The Pit,” and how magnificently it rampaged?)—could rehearse audi-

ences, he would see to it that in the lobby, between the acts, the play was criticized favorably. There was a movement on foot some time ago, I am told, to bar all of the regular "first-nighters" from the New York theatres, because they stood in the lobbies and "roasted" the show. In other words, they were critics, and critics are not wanted to-day. Of course, there are such things as silent critics, who just *think* such things, but even these could be overcome by anesthetics. The movement never materialized. As a matter of fact, the "first-nighters" in the lobby do not discuss the play. They do not care enough about it to discuss it. They talk about the war, or the latest *cause célèbre*, or Wall Street, or the resort at which they propose to sup. Often I have tried to extract opinions. It is quite impossible. They are always most

number of times, for instance, so that the reporters can note the fact. Sometimes the curtain looks to me, in its febrile agitation, to be doing a sort of hootchy-kootchy. It refuses to stay down. It refuses to stay up. This is all done for the effect upon the "first-nighters" who expect it and would not feel satisfied without it. If by any chance the applause ceases—sometimes it is very late, and people having digested their dinners are eager for supper and LIFE—the theatre is left dark, so that nobody can possibly go out unless some further applause be vouchsafed. When the theatre remains dark, and you know that you cannot possibly make an exit until the curtain has been raised again, you applaud. It is the instinct of self-preservation. You do want to get out. The modern audience knows all these conventions by heart. It has been

esting inanities that the theatre has to offer, but a good stage manager could at least see that the applause had some faint symptom of spontaneity. Applauding machines, set like alarm clocks, and placed in various parts of the theatre, would do work just as realistic as that achieved by modern audiences, and a good deal of trouble, to say nothing of kid gloves, might be spared.

At the close of the "big act" the rules and regulations are beautiful in their unvarying grooviness. There is a certain etiquette that must be observed, and observed it assuredly is! First the curtain rises, and you see the company smiling, happy, grateful, servile and courteous. It rises again, and you note the five principals who had made the "big scene"—smiling, happy, grateful, servile and courteous. A third time it rises, and there are four the fifth having dropped out.



White

VENITA FITZHUGH AND CHORUS IN "A WORLD OF PLEASURE" AT THE WINTER GARDEN

polite, and non-committal and "sociable," but critical—never!

Now, Mr. Brady might furnish them with "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and rush them out into the lobbies in a turmoil of enthusiasm. Think how this pictorial ecstasy would impress critics who are asked to delete their own opinions as much as possible!

"In the lobby"—you can almost see it in type—"an excited crowd of first-nighters appeared filled with emotion. They had seen the greatest play of their lives. They had been thrilled by a drama that they unanimously declared to be true, human and vivid. Not a man went out to take a drink; not a woman stood there to unfurl her gown. Human nature was touched to its core, and the play scored a 'triumph.'" I say "scored a triumph" because that phrase *must* be read. It is essential. If the critic didn't use it, the copy-reader would see that it occurred—in the headline, anyway!

The foibles of "first-night" audiences are countenanced by managers who do not realize the jeopardy in which these idiosyncrasies place their wares. The curtain must be raised a certain

fed up on them. But with proper rehearsal, this absurd condition could be rectified.

Then the star when she first appears—stars are usually she's, for the stellar vocation is essentially feminine, or should be—must receive a certain amount of applause, so that she can remain bowing for a few proud and wasted minutes. I've seen the wrong person applauded by mistake (in the days when *cliques* were not as popular as they are to-day), and this has frequently presented the comic relief. The modern audience knows that the star must be applauded when she first enters, even if the preceding season she was merely "in the chorus." There is no enthusiasm or appreciation about this. It is only the "custom of the country."

Occasionally a foreigner who has never yet played in the United States is rapturously applauded before she has said a word. Perhaps it is a good idea to get this "in" before she has militated against her success by displaying her "art." All the manager has to do is to announce anybody as a star, and that "anybody" will get a star's applause, before she has "done a hand's turn" to earn it. This is one of the most inter-

Then three, then two, then—after thunders of applause, for the audience knows its rules—the STAR!

She stands there, and as James Forbes in his delightful "Show Shop" has it—shrinks! She is very coy, very dazzled, very frightened, dear little girl! She seems so surprised that they should want her, for after all what has she done but act—and sometimes very badly, too? She clutches at the proscenium arch to steady her nerves, and bows solemnly and lugubriously. She is weak from the strain of her work; she is intensely moved, and on the verge of tears. Final curtain!

All cut-and-dried business that the audience has seen a hundred times! It is headed in the jocund direction of burlesque, but they stream out into the lobbies, happy that the right thing has been done in the right way, and that the star looked so "natural" as she took her curtain call. The rehearsal of these curtain calls is rigid, and I am not giving away any State secrets in saying so, because the audience knows it. The audience knows everything. All the "mysteries" of the theatre have been revealed and elucidated. It is

merely a matter of doing the thing properly and conventionally. The scenic artist, the dressmaker, the shoe-purveyor, the importer of the particular brand of champagne used in the production, the manufacturer of the cigars and cigarettes smoked by the villain, and the gentleman who announces on the program that "the theatre is perfumed by the famous Extrait de Camembert," have not yet been honored by curtain calls. That will come later on as an added joy to the impertinence of the sophisticated modern audience.

Playwrights and star actors, while they "thank" the modern audience and apparently realize the intention of all this clamor, would be infinitely happier if that clamor were rehearsed, if it were made artistic, if it had at least a semblance of verisimilitude. Actors have been known to rebuke the jovial occupants of boxes, who are trying to distract their attention from the play by amiable conversation. This has happened not unfrequently. I can recall Miss Julia Arthur—who has recently returned to us, by-the-bye, probably in a chastened mood—ordering that the curtain be rung down, because a box party at the Broadway Theatre seemed to enjoy their own persiflage more than they did her acting. Very rude of them, too, but modern audiences do not wear the theatre in their hearts.

Think of the good old days, dear to the historian, when the "mummers" were tolerated with such scant courtesy that they had to explain themselves before an audience would condescend to listen to them. According to Augustin Filon, the *jeune premier* in one of the towns of Northern England, after the curtain had been raised on a performance of "Antony and Cleopatra" came forward to the footlights, took the hand of his leading actress, and indulged in the following dialogue:

"Have I ever been guilty of any injustice of any kind to you since you have been in the theatre?"

"No, sir," said she.

"Have I ever behaved to you in an ungentleman-like manner?"

"No, sir."

"Have I ever kicked you?"
"Oh, no, sir."

Then the audience applauded, accepted the twain, and Antony and Cleopatra were permitted to proceed with the Shakespearian story. To-day

lost art of enthusiasm—which doesn't mean applause in the wrong place?

The modern audience has lost the illusion of the theatre. Did you ever have it? Do you know what it is? Is it conceivable to you at the present time? Can you recall the day when to go to the theatre was to visit the purple realms of fantasy, and to savor the unexplored joys of the imagination—when the happy event was scheduled for a certain night, perhaps weeks ahead, and you counted off the days until that great joy was reached? Can you remember when the green baize curtain—the dear old green baize curtain! shut from your view the enchanted regions of the make-believe, and you sat before it, trembling, eager, waiting, expectant? Do you recollect the dimly lighted playhouse in the days when brilliant electric decorations had not eliminated the mystery of it all, and you had no idea of inspecting a garishly dressed audience, and a set of peacocked "first-nighters"? Those were the days when Schéhérazade wove luminous romances for you, and the leading man was always Prince Charming guiding your footsteps from the sordid issues of to-day.

Gone is the illusion of the theatre. Killed is the goose that laid the golden eggs. In the mind of the modern audience, with its foibles, its idiosyncrasies, and its eccentricities, there is no room for it. Moreover, it has been "explained away." It has been carefully and mathematically cleared from the lovely clouds that enveloped it, and in its place is the raw and ugly truth.

Modern audiences expect no illusion and get none. Beautiful girls who on the stage might charm and fascinate, scramble across an auditorium, run down the aisle, and mingle with you. You can see that they are quite real—quite dreadfully real—and you wish you couldn't! Once you were allowed the luxury of an imagination. Now you have none. It has been ravished from you, and the actor is no longer an exquisite make-believe. In a recent musical comedy called "Two Is Company" several of the people in the cast opened the dreary proceedings by appearing in one of the boxes, and in the theatre proper, and it was believed that this

(Continued on page 319)



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MARGUERITE LESLIE

This well-known sister of Martha Hedman recently seen in "Outcast" is now with the World Film Corp.

nobody questions the actor or the actress. He or she is applauded because it is the fashion to applaud everybody rhymelessly and reasonlessly, and the attitude of the audience never varies, and would not be allowed to do so. If it only did! If you could once believe that people were at the playhouse hours ahead of time, anxious, anticipative and happy! Why shouldn't crowds be rehearsed to bombard the doors of the playhouse, to block traffic, and at least to imitate the

they are quite real—quite dreadfully real—and you wish you couldn't! Once you were allowed the luxury of an imagination. Now you have none. It has been ravished from you, and the actor is no longer an exquisite make-believe. In a recent musical comedy called "Two Is Company" several of the people in the cast opened the dreary proceedings by appearing in one of the boxes, and in the theatre proper, and it was believed that this

MARIA BARRIENTOS
New Spanish coloratura soprano
who is widely known in Europe
and South America

© Mishkin **ENRICO CARUSO**
as Don Jose in "Carmen"

© Mishkin **GAETANO BAVAGNOLI**
New conductor

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New Wagnerian conductor

© Mishkin **FLORA PERINI**
New mezzo-soprano from La
Scala, Milan. Her foreign ap-
pearances have not been confined
to Italy, but extend from Petro-
grad to Madrid. By birth she is
a Roman

SEASON OF GRAND OPERA

NO other branch of the art of music is so closely allied to war as is the opera. It is not intended to suggest by this that the feuds of prima donnas, tenors and conductors turn every opera house into a battlefield. What is meant is, that most of the artists who make grand opera possible at the Metropolitan are foreigners, denizens of lands that are at each others' throats, and that Signor Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, has spent his alleged happy summer in conducting a campaign of peace while almost within the booming sound of big guns. He has been trying to defraud European battlefields of their artistic prey by endeavoring to bring to the Metropolitan such foreign artists as are needed here to fight peacefully—if possible—in the cause of art in a neutral country. His own country being at war, he has had to confine his summer sojourn to Italy and neutral Switzerland, but he has had his henchmen in France, Austria and Germany, hearing new singers, coralling new conductors and on the lookout for such talent as could be taken through the enemies' lines into the sheltering noise and bustle of upper Broad-

way. His task has been a trying one, but for the greater part it has been crowned with success, for the array of new artists is fairly impressive.

In the first place, he has imported a new conductor, Artur Bodanzky, of whom great things are prophesied and even greater things expected. Bodanzky, a pupil of the late Gustav Mahler, and a young man of great ambitions, was weaned away from the Grand Ducal Opera House of Mannheim, where he was artistic dictator. He is a Viennese, and he comes to the Metropolitan to replace Alfred Hertz, who left the forces at the close of last season. So, to all purposes, Bodanzky may be called the new Wagner conductor, although he himself objects to this title, since he is as enamored of conducting Verdi as he is of leading his audiences through the mazes of Wagner's "Ring" by the aid of his baton. It is possible that Bodanzky will not be confined to the conducting of the German operas, for the war's most important toll—so far as the Metropolitan is concerned—is the absence of Arturo Toscanini, who has refused to leave Italy during its present turmoil.

As to new singers, there is a new dramatic and

© Mishkin **JULIA HEINRICH**
New American soprano

© Mishkin **GIACOMO DAMACCO**
New Italian tenor



OPENS AT THE METROPOLITAN

lyric soprano, Erma Zarska, from the Prague Opera, a stunning looking young woman of distinguished family and of good artistic repute. Another soprano of prominence is Ida Cajatti, an Italian, handsome in appearance and one of the best-known young lyric sopranos in Italy, Spain and South America, who is to be heard and seen here in the Puccini works. Then there is the famous coloratura singer, the Spanish Maria Barrientos, whose engagement had been announced last season, and who is widely known in Europe and South America, and who is reputed to be an artistic singer as well as a sensational one in the manner in which she sends her voice skirling upward to dizzy vocal Alps above the treble stave in music. Flora Perini, a new mezzo-soprano from La Scala at Milan, has also been added to the roster. Her foreign appearances have not been confined to Italy, but extend from Petrograd to Madrid. By birth she is a Roman. In capacities of lesser importance three new American singers will be heard—Julia Heinrich, a daughter of the famously well-known artist, Max Heinrich, Edith Mason, a pretty young soprano, and Helen Warrum, a native of the Middle West.

So much for the new names of the distaff side of the new roster; as for the sterner sex, this list is headed by a new Italian baritone of great repute, Giuseppe de Luca, who is said to be possessed of an excellent voice, and should prove a valuable addition to the "baritone battery," if one may lapse into baseball parlance. Henri Scott, an American basso who has been heard with the Philadelphia-Chicago forces, has joined the Metropolitan, which also promises to be a good engagement for the betterment of this ensemble. What has been much needed and sadly lacking is promised this season, namely, a light Italian tenor, who has a normal and not a "white" voice. He is Giacomo Damacco, and his career embraces prominent opera houses both in his native Italy and in Spain. Then there is a new Italian basso, Pompilio Malatesta; and there is a new Italian conductor, Gaetano Bavagnoli—also a new Dutch stage manager, Jan Heythekke.

That covers the array of new forces. The familiar artists include all of last year's great singers with the exception of Emmy Destinn, who has severed her connection with this (*Continued on page 319*)

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PASQUALE AMATO
as Tonio in "Pagliacci"

STARS IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC



FREIMSTAD

One of the world's greatest dramatic sopranos. At first a contralto, then a dramatic soprano. Has carved her name on the annals of opera history in both soprano and contralto rôles. Latterly has devoted herself to concert work. A woman of impressive personality, a really great artist.



VAN ENDERT

Famous abroad as both operatic star and Lieder singer. Known here by her concert work - a member of the Berlin opera. This eminent soprano is returning to the United States this winter to repeat her success of two seasons ago. An artist of fine personality. Will appear during the winter at the Philharmonic concert.



KURT

Soloist with the Philharmonic this season, also leading dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, and one of the greatest living interpreters of Wagner rôles. In private life, a modest and unassuming woman; as an artist, is marked by an impressive stage presence and the individuality of her art.



DESTINN

A notable prima donna, Bohemian by birth and renowned abroad and in this country as a lyric soprano of rarely beautiful voice. A member of the Metropolitan Opera House ensemble for years, she is devoting the greater part of her artistic duties this season to concertising. Will appear with the Philharmonic



DAMROSCHE

One of the best programme makers, most catholic of musicians and conductor of New York Symphony Society. Knows his art, knows his public and commands his forces. Hampered at first by being the son of a famous musician, he has hewed his own way to the position of conductor of one of this country's greatest orchestral bodies.



MUCK

Academic, ultra refined leader of America's most famous orchestra - the Boston Symphony which has possibly but one European rival. His appearance and manners are those of utmost elegance, his interpretations refined to the nth degree. Resigned from Berlin Royal opera to become this orchestra's permanent conductor.



ANSERMET

One of the most brilliant of the younger leaders of Europe. Will conduct the orchestra for the American tour of Serge de Diaghileff's Ballet Russe. Was formerly conductor of the municipal orchestras of Montreux, Switzerland, and has held a similar municipal position at Geneva. Has made a thorough study of modern Russian music and art.



STRANSKY

Conductor of New York's oldest orchestral organization - a foreigner, who has identified himself closely with the musical life of New York and who has studied the wishes and temperaments of American concertgoers. The successor of Gustav Mahler, he is upholding Philharmonic traditions - a byword for the best in concert room art.



GABRILOWITSCH

One of Rubinstein's pupils and now one of the foremost of visiting virtuosos among pianists. He has added to his artistic stature season after season by the marked improvement in his work. A brilliant and emotional player of the piano. His marriage to the daughter of Mark Twain is a recent musical romance.



SPALDING

Well-known American violinist, a native of Chicago and pupil of Chitt. When only fourteen he passed the examination for professorship at the conservatory in Bologna. Last season he became known as a composer, with "Alabama" a plantation and negro dance melody.



GRAINGER

Australian composer-pianist who has taken American audiences by storm. His compositions, playing and personality have combined to make him one of the musical lions of the hour. He galvanises his audiences while appearing in the rôle of the virtuoso. His compositions are quaint tokens in the cause of folk music.



SCHELLING

American pianist-composer, a pupil of Paderewski, who has spent much of his time abroad, appearing as soloist with Europe's greatest orchestras and has made visits to this country which time he has devoted to concert and recital work. As a composer he is best known by an orchestral suite.

UNAUTHORIZED CHRISTMAS INTERVIEWS

prologue

Scribe—"I have come to interview you."

FAMOUS STAGE STAR—"Very well, if you insist."

Stage star gets brain-fag trying to think of bright things to say for the interview.

(Two months have elapsed.)

FAMOUS STAGE STAR—(Reading interview in magazine) "Shades of Orpheus and Horace Greeley! There isn't a word of what I said in this whole interview!"

And there you have it.

Did anyone ever know of an instance where the interviewer ever wrote anything at all like what the interviewed really said?

Certainly not.

But some Christmas interviews were needed. I was asked to get them. Could I? I said I could. Would I? I endeavored to disguise my eagerness to do so.

A list was handed to me. "We desire," said the editor, much as one would ask a child to run out to the store and get the evening paper and a loaf of bread, "that you interview those on this list."

"Certainly," was the optimistic response. But when the interviewer got back to his marble palace where he takes his Remington in hand, he scanned the list with considerable dismay. Do you wonder? Here is the list: John Drew, Ethel Barrymore, Elsie Janis, E. H. Sothern, Maude Adams, Nat Goodwin, Jane Cowl, John Mason, Grace George, Julian Eltinge, Billie Burke.

Christmas was only a few weeks away.

With constant effort and travel and waiting and hustling and begging letters and stage-door wire-pulling and other means known to the bona-fide interviewer, all these interviews might be secured before Washington's birthday.

That would hardly suffice for a Christmas number, however.

It was then the Great Idea arrived.

Why interview them at all?

No person interviewed ever recognized that interview in print. So why waste valuable time, and annoy those busy stage stars when it is much easier to just light your pipe, sit down at the old typewriter and dash off the interviews without bothering to really talk with these people?

"Unauthorized interviews!"

It was certainly a splendid idea. Suppose Mr. Drew or Miss Adams or any of them were to read their interview and exclaim: "I never said that!"

Suppose they do? What of it? No claim is made that they did say it. Really, it is a great idea, and the writer is thinking seriously of getting it patented. No one bothered, no reason to deny the interview because it is carefully explained that the party didn't say it, and yet we have all the outer aspect of a really and truly interview.

And so here goes for the Great Idea, the celebrated new system of unauthorized interviews. Every reader is assured that not one of the people quoted here said a single word of it, that they were not even visited, that they know nothing about this, and that they will be quite as surprised to read it as they would be if they had actually given the interview.

First, John Drew was not approached. He did not talk, and here is what he did not say:

"Christmas is all well enough in its way. However, I never could arouse much interest in Santa

Lewis Allen

Claus. I have seen thousands and thousands of Santa Clauses—if that is the proper plural of him—and do you know, the careless old sufferer is wearing the same style suit to-day that he wore away back in the year—er—away back when I was playing marbles out in front of the Arch St. Theatre in Philadelphia.

"And he never has had those trousers pressed. Furthermore, I do not approve of his stage presence. I have seen Santa lose all control of himself and become actually undignified just because nis whiskers caught fire from a candle!

"Now, if it were me, I would remove the blazing whiskers, walk nonchalantly yet somewhat jauntily across the room from L to R 3 and airily drop the blazing mass into the bowl of gold fish, remarking, as I did so, just as though it were all in the play: 'By jove, I nearly forgot the dear fish. The water must not be too cold on this cheerful holiday!'

"Christmas is all right. It is a jolly season for almost everyone except parents and stage folks and shop girls and postmen and delivery drivers and poor people and Sunday-school superintendents and many others. But, dear me, every year it is the same old plot. The scene is set around the same old Christmas tree and the cast is always the same, someone distributing presents and others awaiting them or trying to look pleased when they unwrap their packages.

"Why not be original? Why not dress Santa as a middle-aged banker, faultlessly attired, trim white side whiskers, large watch fob, rotund form, jovial smile, glowing cheeks and nose and pearl gray spats!

"There's a Santa for you! A man who looks like ready money. A multi-millionaire, as it were, a cheerful giver and a Beau Brummel combined.

"And instead of the same old Christmas tree, why not gather around a large safe which Santa opens with a few deft twirls of the knob? He then takes out stocks and bonds, necklaces, rings and other jewels and gems and, if he is extremely wealthy, perhaps a dozen fresh eggs or a couple pounds of good steak.

"Don't get me wrong in this. I do not object to Christmas. But I seek to rearrange it, to dress it better, as it were. That is all, young man, except—er—try and spell my name right, won't you?"

No one is more approachable than that most popular of actresses, Ethel Barrymore. We did not "approach" her in this instance, but no doubt this is what she might have said:

"I look forward to Christmas with more pleasure these years than ever before because of the kiddies who begin clamoring for Santa Claus weeks in advance.

"And the youngsters are extremely fortunate because they have an ideal Santa in my Uncle John—what's that?—Oh, yes, John Drew, the children's great uncle, you know. And he is great, too. He just loves to get into an old red suit with baggy trousers and a long false beard and play Santa for them. His chief pleasure is

to wear a false beard and let it catch fire so he can prance around and make the little tots shriek with laughter. He has worn that same Santa suit ever so many times. He doesn't care for dress, as you probably know.

"That's about all I care about Christmas now. No one really knows what the holiday is until they have some youngsters, then Christmas presents mean something. Why, do you know, my children just prance around on Christmas morning like young Colts!"

Elsie Janis is bright as a diamond, a regular cut-up and many-sided. There's no doubt whatever but what she will be interested to read here the things she never said.

"Shall I sing, whistle, dance or yodel this interview for you? Or play it on a harp?

"And shall I wear my street clothes or some of my four-score disguises?

"Christmas? Oh, yes, I remember, it's the thing that leaves you broke just when you are supposed to be able to truthfully shout 'Happy New Year.'

"But it is a great institution. And I love Santa Claus. I never included him in my impersonations for several reasons, such as false beards always tickle my chin, it isn't good feminine form, and I never heard him speak so I do not know just how to imitate him.

"To we folks of the stage, Christmas is a wonderful time. We get a year younger every holiday. At least we do not get a year older. You just get to going good into the theatrical season when Christmas comes. Then everyone's broke and New Year's leaves them flat and with a headache. After that the business picks up for a little while, but Lent comes—oh, it's great to be in the show business!

"I love to watch the people on the streets and in the cafés on Christmas, they remind me of the Christmas trees, they are so well lit up. That's about all the Miss Information I can think of just now. Good day—Oh, say, only one 'N' in Janis, you know."

Mr. Sothern, as everyone knows, is very talkative. He has been known to say "Nice weather" all at one time. Naturally he is fond of giving interviews. Here is one he didn't give.

"Whenever I happen to be where Christmas is—and I generally manage to be where it is once a year—I cannot help but think of the late lamented Mr. Shakespeare. As a boy, if my memory serves me right I was a boy at one time, I indulged in the common practice of hang-

ing up my stocking. At that time I never gave much thought to Mr. Shakespeare, but later years I have often thought what an advantage he and his chums had in his boyhood days over the lads of to-day when it came Christmas time.

"Imagine wearing doublet and hose—hose that came to the hips—and hanging one of those up before the fireplace and getting it filled with presents! Ah, those were the happy days, and their sisters didn't have the best of it then, as now, at least in that respect."

"At this season of year I always remember how they tried to make a painter of me when I was a youngster. Perhaps if I had stuck to it I would have been able to draw a crowd without saying a word. That's all. Please do not misquote. No, there's no "U" in my name despite the fact that I was born in Louisiana."

If there is one thing that Maude Adams is more fond of doing than anything else, it is giving interviews.

Every writer knows how simple it is to interview her—until he tries. First you try to see her. Then you try to see her representatives, her manager, her maid, her pet dog, but with no success. The statement comes to you in most polite terms: "Miss Adams never gives interviews."

That may be all right for common interviewers, but with this new method of unauthorized interviews even Miss Adams cannot escape. That's why it is possible to print here the things she did not say in an interview she did not give.

"I am only too glad to give you an unauthorized interview. As this is for a Christmas number I presume you wish me to talk about the Fourth of July. But I much prefer to talk about myself. You know I am always talking about myself for publication until it has become a habit.

"I really do not know what to say about Christmas or Mr. Barrie, Sir J. M. Barrie now. Whenever I meet him I spring a little Americanism. I say 'Good Knight, Sir James' even if it is in the morning.

"I have always had an insane desire to bribe one of Mr. Barrie's servants to get him to hang up his (Mr. Barrie's) stockings for Christmas and then fill it with that famous tobacco of his, 'Archaic Mixture,' is it? Of course, I could talk a whole lot more about myself, my views of the stage of to-day, my ambitions, my favorite play, song, author, talcum powder, actor, playwright, soup, and the like, but really there's no need. I am sure I have talked enough already about the stage and myself, and any professional interviewer can make ten or fifteen thousand words out of what I have said."

Although Nat Goodwin never put me on his wedding invitation list, I am going to pretend I am not sore about it, and include him in this symposium of the un-interviewed. It may interest him (and his many charming "exes") to read what he has not said.

"Christmas? Oh, yes, jolly time, is it not? Comes in the summer I think, at least we have

roses out in California. Yet it seems to me that when I lived just around the corner from Howard Street up in Boston we had it rather cold, with snow and ice and all that sort of thing.

"As a novelty Christmas is not what it should be. That is, to most people. With some it is different. Of course, when one can say, each Christmas, to his wife, 'Well, my dear, since this is our first Christmas together what sort of a celebration shall we have?' It helps relieve the monotony.

"I suppose I ought to talk about the stage, especially about the elevation of the stage. If any actor omits to say something about the need of the elevation of the stage in an interview,

Jane Cowl may have had tragic moments on the stage, but here's a new tragedy for her—an interviewless interview.

"Speaking of Christmas, I think June is really the best month of the year.

"And speaking of the seasons, I believe that the author of 'Common Clay' is a brick.

"And speaking of the drama, don't you think we are having less and less snow every winter?

"Really, I scarcely know what else to say about Christmas except that too many people have to hang up their watches instead of their stockings at this season of year.

"As for emotion, stage emotion, it all depends.

"I trust this will be suitable. If I have said too much you may cut it down. No, there's no "S" before my last name. As long as I don't know I am saying all this, may I have a proof of it so as to be sure I haven't been misquoted? Thanks. This way out."

John Mason is extremely particular about his interviews. He permits himself to be interviewed occasionally, but he makes sure that he will see how it is written before it gets into print. Consequently here's one that will be different, inasmuch as he will not see it. Furthermore, he won't even say these things.

"I have long made a deep study of the psychology of Christmas and I have learned many things. With some it is happiness to have the spirit of giving. With others it is happiness to have the giving of spirits.

"What is more beautiful than a Christmas tree—the emblem of long green?"

"Of course, there is much more I could say, but why waste words when what I have already said seems to cover every phase of the stage, Christmas, and, in fact, everything? Some people will think me an odd fellow but I am only a mason."

There's a limit, even to unauthorized, absent-treatment interviews, and when one's mind gets to running like this, it is time to switch off.

The charming Grace George has so many big things on her mind, and is so active in her great big theatrical

world, that she has little time for interviews. She ought to appreciate this, then, that is, if she understands she didn't say it.

"The New York idea seems to be to get amusement out of everything. Even melodrama.

"Do I believe in melodrama? We-e-l, I wouldn't care to go on record with a statement to that effect, but I believe in the man who produces big melodrama.

"As for Christmas, it is pleasant to exchange presence in the theatre on Christmas Eve—the presence of the people on the stage and the presence of a house full (Continued on page 319)

The Marionettes' Christmas

In the dusk of a snowy Christmas day,
Pierrette had prepared the feast;
'Twas a little, cold room, all dull and grey
(Oh, the night rises out of the East!).

Pierrot had sung to her many times:
"Au clair de la lune, la lune"—
And their hearts kept pace with the Christmas chimes
As he trilled the lilting tune.

Every year they meet for a brief hour's space,
And they drink to a memory:
For they knew the past; in this small dark place—
But they called it—Arcady!

Well—she loved her art, and he loved his art,
So they parted, long ago.
Pierrette has danced to the gay world's heart,
And he's sung, has Pierrot.

Oh, the night rises out of the far-off East,
And it's low hangs the mistletoe;
He may kiss her once, 'tis the end of the feast—
Then they're out in the whirling snow.

Pierrette runs to her coach-and-four,
And he leaps to his coach-and-six;
Though their souls may ache and their hearts be
sore,
They will do their bag of tricks.

All the world is gay and pleased to-night;
(He must sing with sobs in his throat).
And her dance is the last word of delight;
(No one heeds its plaintive note).

Love is love, and art is art—and yet,
Had their love not been just so,
The gay world had not known Pierrette,
It had not known Pierrot. ANNE PEACOCK.

get suspicious right away, either he isn't a bona-fide actor or he has a green press agent.

"Personally I do not believe in elevating the stage, for two reasons. It would take us too nearly on a level with the people in the boxes and it is unbecoming of stage people to have social aspirations, and it would give the people in the orchestra lame necks to look up at a high stage. That—if I am any judge of the real meaning of the word 'elevated'—is logical enough for anyone.

"One is impressed with the fleetness of time when he stops to think about Christmas. How speedily they come and go! Like wives, here's this Christmas and almost before you know it, here's another wi—I mean Christmas.

"It's great, however, to see a different size stocking hung on the mantel every Christmas."



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MLLE. LILLIAN GREUZE, LEADING INGENUE OF THE FRENCH THEATRE IN NEW YORK

Mlle. Greuze, considered one of the best ingénues of the French stage, is now appearing at New York's Théâtre Français in her great success, "Petite Peste." She has been on the stage since she was fifteen, when she appeared with Sarah Bernhardt in "Les Buffons." Her beauty and charm soon won the hearts of the Parisian public. She has played ingénue rôles in many of the successes of the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, Athénée, Gymnase and Vaudeville. She is an enthusiastic sportswoman, and particularly devoted to hydroplanes. In one of her many ascensions at Monte-Carlo she fell into the water, but no serious result followed the accident, nor did it in any way intimidate her. It was but natural that with her beauty and ability she should be sought by the moving picture manufacturers. She has posed for the screen with great success, being particularly well adapted for the film owing to her minute study of the art of making up and succeeds in completely subduing her own personality. The difference between the various pictures of her is remarkable. Mlle. Greuze has many photographs posed like the masterpieces by the painter of the same name. The portrait above shows her posing as one of the most beautiful and appealing pictures of her famous namesake.



Sothern

By E. H. Sothern

STAGE success is most certainly and very worth while. That is if the man or woman who has attained it has not done so at cost of health or life! Short of these the price is not too great.

I have been on the stage for thirty-five years. Within a season, or at most two seasons, I shall permanently retire. I have given the most vigorous years of my life to the theatre. They have been devoted not merely to playing, but to earnest, conscientious attention to all the work connected with the plan of a production. No detail of the production but has been supervised by myself. For years I have spent all day in the theatre and remained there until two o'clock in the morning. Arduous toil, too great for a day laborer, you say? And yet I repeat that it is well worth while. I look back upon it with cheerfulness. I have not one regret that I became an actor.

Nor, I believe, will anyone have such regret if he be an actor worthy the title, too loosely applied, "artist." Nor will he if on the stage he has found his work and loves it.

Those persons who sighthingly cast backward looks upon their stage careers and declare that they are not worth the energy and devotion they have given to them are artisans, not artists. Moreover, they do not love their work.

The rewards of an actor's career are great. In the matter of money he is amply compensated. There is no reason why, if his work has been worthily done, he may not retire with a competence. But it is unfair to measure the success of a career by money. The victorious career is that in which a man has done what he wanted to do.

We all fall short of the high standard we set by ourselves for ourselves. But if we have approximated it, and if we have known joy in the approximating we have had a career that I prefer to describe as victorious rather than successful. The word successful does not convey all that a career should be to the one who pursues it. I regard Sir Henry Irving's as a genuinely victorious career. I believe that he so regarded it.

It is true that he died after a performance away from home in the provinces. He would have preferred to have passed to another plane from his beloved London. But that he died in comparative poverty was of no great importance to him. What did matter was that he had done those things that he wished to do. He had done the work he loved.

The rewards of the artist of the stage are not chiefly extraneous ones. They are inward rewards. The artist of the theatre is rewarded by the opportunity to do the work of his ardent choice.

I went upon the stage against the wishes of all who were interested in me. Neither my father nor anyone else encouraged me in my purpose to adopt such career. They thought I was not fitted for it. But their opposition had no significance for me. I determined to become an actor because I was interested in the stage and expected to find delight in it. Nor has it in this respect ever disappointed me.

There is, I had to learn, two phases of the actor's work. One concerns him as a laborer. In that phase he studies his part, he prepares himself for the performance. He gives most conscientious thought to his readings, to his costumes. He rehearses and rehearses and rehearses; and I shall here interrupt myself to say that those persons who say that the rehearsals are the prose of stage life are mistaken. They have not a high conception of their work. The study, the preparation, the rehearsals, the polishing of the production for the first performance are its labor phase. Its pleasure is in this phase. With the first night's performance the actor passes into the second phase. He becomes (Continued on page 320)

When the Player Grows Tired.

The rewards of a successful actor's career are great. In the matter of money he is amply compensated. But does he ever weary of the applause of the public? Is stage success worth while? Two well-known artists, Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Anna Held, both of whom have spent the best part of their lives in the service of the theatre, answer this very interesting question.



By Anna Held

THE artist of the stage should retire at sixty. Or he should retire before that if age has crept upon him unawares and made him seem sixty before he has reached that age.

At sixty strength is at the ebb tide. Or, if strength remains nearly normal, the freshness of a woman's beauty is gone. Her beauty is as a shadow, and what woman wishes to play the spectre of what she once was? Bernhardt, the wonderful, is cited always as an answer to the argument that a player has a right to grow tired. With all the reverence for her unconquerable spirit that anyone could have, for I bend the knee to her, I stoutly maintain that she is mistaken in playing to the end. There are so many persons in an audience who are unkind, or are otherwise incapable of understanding her magnificent spirit. They go away saying, "She is great. Yes. But also she is old." And they make comparisons. That artist makes a mistake who ever suffers comparisons with his or her former self.

A line in the play, "The Comet," summarizes the situation as I see it. It is spoken by one who is an actress in the play. She speaks of leaving early the scene of her conquest of the public. She says, with exceeding resolution, "I shall leave the stage at such an age that my public will remember me as a sweetheart it has lost." That speech reflected great wisdom.

Never, never should it be said of the artist of the stage, as was said of an emotional actress briefly returned for an appearance at a testimonial tendered to her, "In rare instances she showed ghostly glimpses of her old power."

Mme. Cavalazzi, the Pavlova of her time, who evolved with the accumulating years into ballet mistress of the Metropolitan Opera House, replied to the question: 'When should a première danseuse stop dancing?' with "When the poetry has vanished from her personality." It is the answer that should be made in action by every artist of the stage.

It were wisdom the last ten years of his or her career to save enough on which to live comfortably the remainder of life, that the pleasure of the theatre may come from sitting in the audience and watching the efforts of those who have not earned the right to be tired nor to retire.

Success on the stage is only worth while to the great artists, and them, as you should know, you can count on the fingers of your two hands. Yes, I have said it. All the artists in all the world. For them reward is very great, because they are unique. They can act, or sing, or dance in a way no other can. That is genius. To them rewards, artistic and financial, have come in lavish measure. The artists of the stage have received the adulation of the public, sooner or later, in their lives. They have all died rich, unless they have been squanderers in that period of provision for safety which, I have pointed out, should be the last ten years in a player's active career. Rachel, for instance, died a wealthy woman.

But for the average person the stage is without rewards. It were better that such a person grew tired before going on the stage, for assuredly he or she will speedily become weary of it.

For those who are of less than the artist's magnitude the stage means what? First, character deterioration, because the life of its devotees is an unreal one. The actor or actress lives in an artificial atmosphere. He is a demi-king, she a little queen, in their tiny world of make-believe. The persons who are their inferiors in the company heap undeserved compliments upon them. For example, a paid business manager, who drew his salary from her, said to a very plain woman: "I have the honor of serving the most (Continued on page 320)



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CHARLOTTE

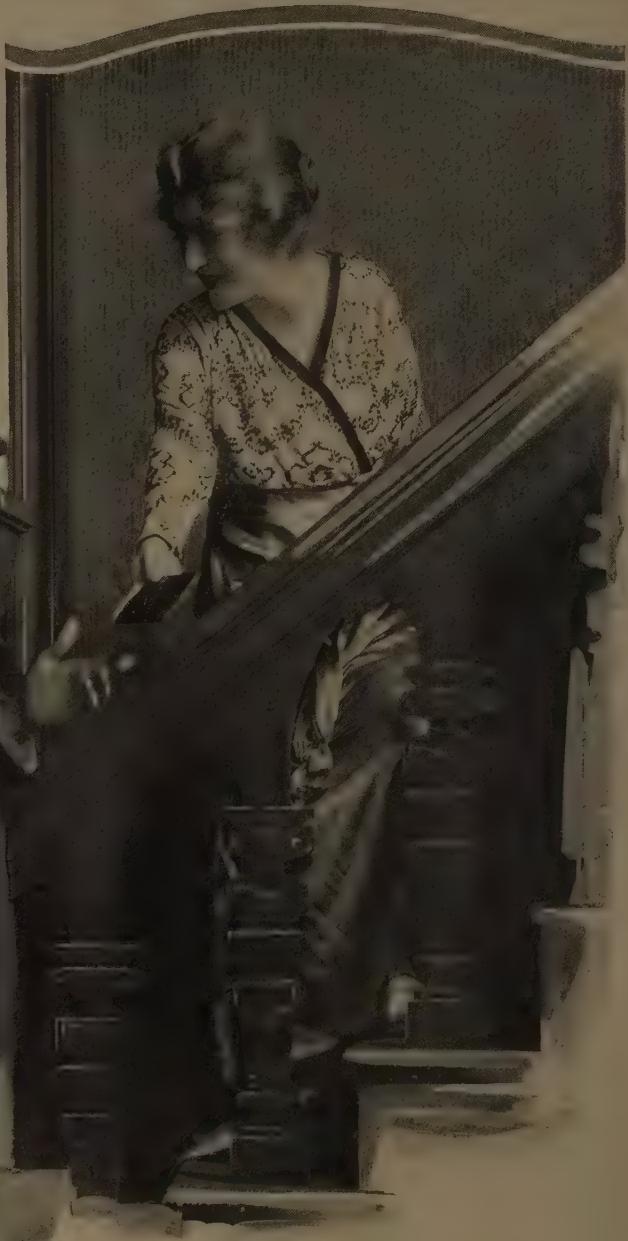
This skillful dancer on skates, a great favorite in Berlin, has scored a bit in
"Flirting at St. Moritz," the new ice ballet at the Hippodrome

Emily Stevens—A Cerebral Actress



"It was a difficult part
to study"

This young cousin of Mrs. Fiske who has made a hit in "The Unchastened Woman" is an actress of intellectual independence, originality and force of character. Her philosophy of life will interest theatre-goers who have applauded her as Carolyn Knolys, the young wife of the rich New Yorker, at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre.



By ADA PATTERSON

EMILY is peculiar. She's very peculiar." So Mrs. Fiske spoke when friends, old and new, crowded her dressing room one day. One of the old friends had asked as to her cousin's health and whereabouts, and had regretted that the fair-haired young actress with the deep-set eyes had left a company presenting a popular play.

"She is at home and well," Mrs. Fiske had replied. Then had she added while her keenly intelligent face broke up into mischievous smiles: "Emily is peculiar, very peculiar."

The career of Mrs. Fiske's gifted young kinswoman bears out her famous aunt's assertion. The "peculiar" person is what? He or she is "peculiar or special, is characteristic, exclusive, exact, minute." Emily Stevens is all these and more. She is audacious and without fear. She cares not for consequences. If a play seems to her untrue or if the character she is interpreting seems to her unreal, she turns her back upon it at once, finally, irrevocably, and without further ado.

"Why did you abandon the part?" I asked.

"Because I thought it a bad play and the character I was to

Caroline Knolys defies her husband and asserts her individualism

H. Reeves-Smith and Emily Stevens in Act I of the "Unchastened Woman" at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre

create untrue to life," she answered decisively.

"I have thought that of the play and the part, but I have seemed to walk alone," I remarked.

"Don't mind walking alone?" was the energetic reply.

"And I have wondered at its success."

"Don't ever bother about successes," she retorted.

That intellectual independence runs uninterruptedly through Emily Stevens' life and career. It is her unvarying characteristic. It makes her, as her famous "Cousin Minnie" had said, "peticular."

"You are 'The Unchastened Woman'?" I smiled as we settled upon a bench in Washington Square, because it was cooler than her hotel two blocks farther up the avenue.

"Yes," she said, "and she is unchastened. She is a rotter with a mentality so superior that she triumphs over every circumstance. She is conscienceless. She hasn't one redeeming trait, but one admires her adequate brain."

"Does her character indicate toward what the woman of the present is tending?"

"Perhaps. For women are thinking more and suffering less. Their brains cause them to suffer less though they may cause suffering to others, if they are not dominated by principle. And Caroline Knolys, the young wife of a rich New Yorker, who sets about getting an artist away from his wife, is quite devoid of it."

"Dr. Anspacher's play is intensely modern. The character is very complex. I stayed in bed a week to study her. The maid came to the door and I drove her away with unkind words. I would lie there and read the play and pound the pillows and say: 'Now why did she do this?' or 'Why did she do that?' It is not a difficult part to act but it is a difficult part to study. Yet it was stimulating. The harder a part the better for the actress. Caroline Knolys requires mental acting."

"What do you mean by mental acting?"

"It might have been better to say modern acting. The distinction between modern and old school acting is that in one you use your mind and in the other your body."

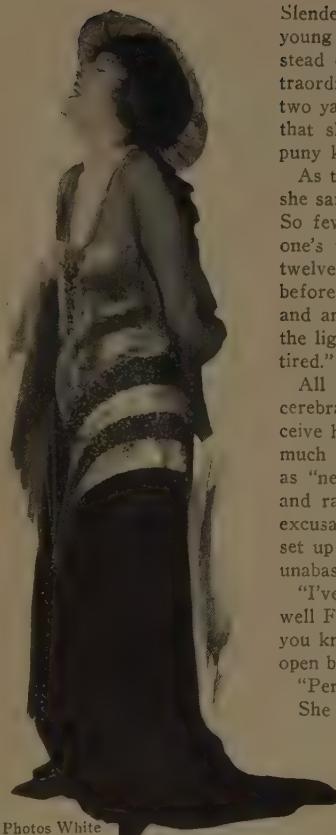
I wondered to what extent spirited Emily Stevens submitted to the yoke of the stage director. She dispelled

uncertainties. If he thought a scene should be played this way and she thought it should be played that, what would she do? If she were convinced that her sense of the way to play it were right and the stage director could not agree, there was always the open door for her exit, a door through which, being "peticular," she had several times, and to the dismay of the management, passed. We talked of the girl, whose type and case I so often meet, who is scolded or ridiculed by the critics for playing a part as the stage manager commands, and directly contrary to the way her own dramatic instinct prompts.

"That is dreadful. It is insufferable." Emily Stevens' eyes widened as a child's do in revolt. The next instant they narrowed to their usual width of sophistication and resolve. "It is incomprehensible that they would submit to it—unless they were hungry.

"I have always been let alone," she continued. "I suppose it has been realized that I always do my best. It may be that some need dictation and perhaps they do not know that that is so. I couldn't bear it, and wouldn't. There are differences of temperament. There are those who think of true success and others who think of money. I have always wanted to do my best. That is my ambition."

While she talked, and while the fountain played in quaint Washington Square, and the clumsy green stages whirred past the window, I was comparing the calm young woman opposite me with the oral pictures that had been made of her, yes, and the written ones, "Flameliike," "Febrile," "Vibrant," "Neurotic." She had been clothed with all these attributes, but no one of them was in evidence.



Photos White

"She is unchastened. She is a rotter with a mentality so superior that she triumphs over every circumstance. She is conscienceless."

Slender but strong, a reservoir of strength concealed in her young body, calm with the calmness of superb self control instead of insensibility, her dominant trait was that she was extraordinarily alive. The languid woman of the stage who trails two yards of lacy gown after her, her languid manner indicating that she might any moment sink beneath its weight, seems a puny kitten beside this vital young person.

As though she were reading my thoughts, as perhaps she was, she said: "I have loads of sleep. I think it absolutely necessary. So few go to the theatre fresh. It seems to me a sin to go to one's work tired. So I take plenty of sleep. I go to bed at twelve or one and sleep until eleven. And I sleep two hours before the performance. Most persons you meet seem strong and animated for a few minutes. Then as I say they die. All the light goes out of their faces. It is because they are always tired."

All who have seen Mrs. Fiske's cousin have recognized a cerebral force in her interpretations, and they are apt to conceive her as a young girl who has acquired astigmatism through much reading. That is as great a mistake as to catalogue her as "neurotic," while she is merely intensely alive. Vital force and ragged nerves are so far apart that their confusion is inexcusable. So must I turn iconoclast and break another of your set up idols. Miss Stevens isn't a book worm. She says, quite unabashed, that she doesn't like reading.

"I've just come from a visit to my godfather," she said. "Reswell Field, a Chicago newspaperman, and the brother of Eugene, you know. His life is spent with his face three inches from an open book. He wants to know why I don't like books. Do you?"

"Perhaps because you would rather think."

She did not reply, but the strong, thoughtful profile turned half toward me and half toward the fountain, the watery terminus of lower Fifth Avenue, was Minerva-like in its thoughtfulness. Emily Stevens is of that small group of folk who think everything out, and who stand by their decisions.

For relaxation she turns not to beaux and ball-rooms. She stands undismayed among the tango and maxixe and fox trot waves on a rock of

indifference. She likes to walk and to ride. She walks until she is tired, but not too tired. Her riding is done in the same careful spirit. For mark you this girl of the theatres reveres her work. She believes that she must take to every performance her best and freshest self.

Again a shock. This interpreter of many women is not interested in people. Humanity doesn't interest her in the concrete. In the abstract, yes. Its problems, its pains, its pleasures—to her they are as interesting as to the philosopher and as remote.

"I'm really interested in nothing but the stage," she said, and like her other assertions it was made forcefully and without fear of criticism.

She had no doubt learned much about acting from Mrs. Fiske. She supposed so. She must have learned much, unconsciously must have absorbed much. She could not recall any lessons in acting Mrs. Fiske had directly given her, nor any precepts of hers she had built into her life and work. Yes, there was one. "Never think of your audience."

"I always remember that," said the younger actress. "It would be fatal to remember the audience."

A slim girl, fair-haired, and with conspicuously live eyes, set deep beneath a thoughtful brow, the public had its first sight of her in Mrs. Fiske's play, "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," the play written for Mrs. Fiske by Mrs. Burton Harrison. It saw her again as Miriam in Mrs. Fiske's creation, "Mary of Magdala," and still with the celebrated actress as Lady Blanche Thistlewood in a revival of "Becky Sharp," as Berta in "Hedda Gabler," and as Claire Berthon in "Leah Kleschna."

"There came," she said, with one of
(Continued on page 284)



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C. Mishkin.

SIGNOR GATTI-CASAZZA
Director of the Metropolitan Opera Company

THE failure of American managers in past seasons to negotiate successfully for the importation of Serge de Diaghileff's world-famous Ballet Russe was deeply regretted by many who have had the opportunity to witness the performances of this remarkable organization in European capitals. The war having eliminated many of the difficulties that stood in the way, the Russian dancers, by special arrangement with the Metropolitan Opera Company, will be seen this winter in New York and other cities of the United States. The engagement opens at the Century on January 17th for two weeks, and on April 3rd the ballet will appear at the Metropolitan Opera House for a period of four weeks.

It is the superlative task of an age to produce a creative genius. Russia has not only accomplished this task in the organization of the Russian Ballet under M. Serge de Diaghileff, but she has given to the world in the person of Leo

M. LEON BAKST

Bakst is a striking example of a master mind which has overcome not only the barriers of a conventionalized art but a race prejudice as well by forcing official recognition from the Russian government through his art. Of Jewish parentage, he was born in Petrograd forty-seven years ago. He left Russia at the age of twenty-seven, and adjusted himself to the freedom of Paris environment, and it was not until Paris had proclaimed his genius that he was recalled by his own country, to associate himself with the Imperial Opera House of Petrograd. In 1906 he first became connected with the ballet under M. Serge de Diaghileff, and the following year was the feature of an exhibition of Russian Art in Paris, arranged by M. Diaghileff.

(Inset) Lydia Sokolova in "Narcisse"

Bakst an epoch making artist. No phase of art or radical movement in any of the arts is capable of self-substantiation without a general expression obtained by propinquity established throughout all of the arts. It is this achievement which has made the Russian Ballet rise above the realm of sensationalism, giving to the

world an expression of the modern revolutionary spirit in European art. The term "Russian dancer" has become significant of a distinctive type of dancer in striking contrast to the Fanny Ellslers, the Taglionis and others of the old Italian school. Russian dancers have already appeared here, but the artists whose names have become familiar to our public have given us only the merest suggestion of the new dances and decorations definitely associated with two names—Serge de Diaghileff and Leon Bakst.

The troupe of M. de Diaghileff is an organization entirely separate from the court ballet of Russia. The members have been contracted from the Imperial Ballet, and a program of offerings varied both in theme and execution has been pre-

M. SERGE DE DIAGHILEFF
Director of the Russian Ballet

pared with the most radical ideas in settings and costumes, and music representative of many schools. The themes used in formulating the individual ballets are diversified both in their physical and spiritual character. America will not have the opportunity of witnessing the entire repertoire, but the program includes a selection of eighteen of the most important ballets.

In the first grouping we have "Narcisse," "Daphnis et Chloé," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "Les Sylphides," "Le Pavillon d'Armande," and "Papillons" danced to the music of Tcherepnine, Ravel, Weber, Chopin, Tcherepnine and Schumann respectively.

The second group includes "Le Dieu Bleu" and "Schéhérazade" to the music of Reynaldo Hahn and Rimsky-Korsakov.

Under the influence of the nationalistic movement are the ballets of "Thamar," the Polovtsian dances from "Prince Igor," "Le Carnaval" and "Pétrouchka" set to the music of Balakirev, Borodin, Schumann and Stravinsky.

The final and most important group includes "L'Oiseau de Feu," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," with the music of Igor Stravinsky and Claude Debussy.

Selection for this classification is based entirely



Mishkin
JOHN BROWN
Business manager Diaghileff
Ballet Russe



Thamar Karsavina and Adolf Bolm in "L'Oiseau de Feu"



Thamar Karsavina and Adolf Bolm in "Le Pavillon d'Armide"

upon the interpretation of the *corps de ballet* and does not include the four ballets "Sadko," "Snégourotchka," "La Princesse Enchantée" and "Soleil de Nuit." There are new ballets which will receive their first presentation in this country. "Sadko," "Snégourotchka," and "Soleil de Nuit" are arranged to the music of Rimsky-Korsakov and the music of "La Princesse Enchantée" is by Tschaikowsky.

It is entirely due to the ballets derived from the Eastern themes that the accusation of sensual appeal arises. The "Salomé" of Florent Schmitt was written for Loie Fuller and first presented at the Théâtre des Arts in Paris. This fact alone merits consideration to anyone acquainted with the acrobatics of Loie Fuller, and the transposition of it as a vehicle for the Russian Ballet is seemingly unwise. Realizing the eminence of Rimsky-Korsakov as an apostle of the nationalistic school of Russian music, the ballet of "Schéhérazade" is predominantly Oriental in its theme and cannot be identified with many of his works which have derived their inspiration from the local history of the Russians. Its harmony and melodious appeal are irresistible, making it

one of the most pleasing and satisfactory of their offerings from a musical standpoint. Reynaldo Hahn and Florent Schmitt are modern French composers who have evidenced a marked influence of the Far East. "Thamar" and "Prince Igor" were originally Russian operas based upon legendary and actual history of Russia, and the Polovtsian dances are provincial dances taken from a festival scene in the opera of "Prince Igor" by Borodin.

The ballets of the last group have been created to modern music alone. We have, in this section, examples of the revolutionary activity in Russian and French music. Stravinsky has unquestionably arrived at a more satisfactory method of expression in his compositions, and at the present day has aided to establish a security for the future ideals of international music.

M. de Diaghileff brings to America over fifty dancers headed by Thamar Karsavina and W. Nijinsky. Mme. Karsavina, officially known as the *première danseuse* of the ballet, is a strikingly beautiful woman and has no less signal qualities as a dancer and a mime. European audiences have long applauded her artistry in the subtlest

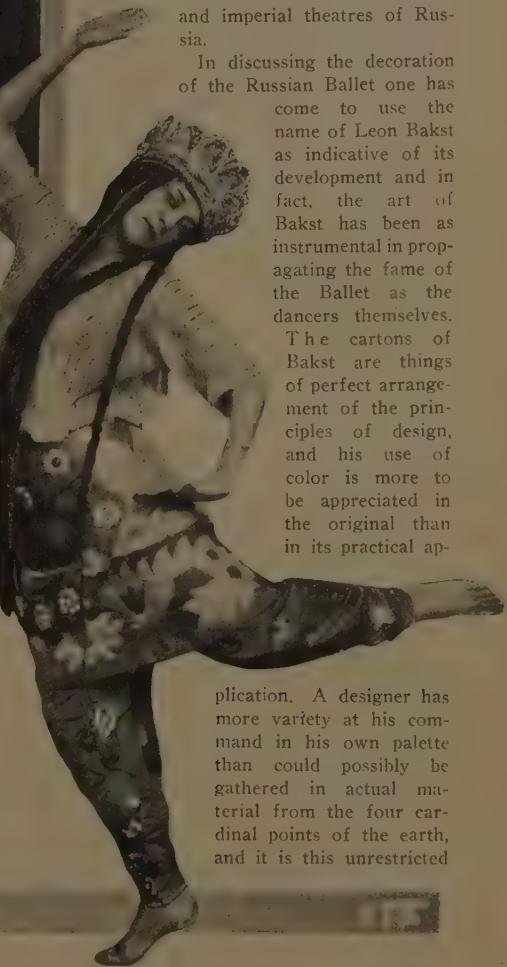
and most elusive feats of the dance. Nijinsky has been eulogized in seven different languages, he has been acclaimed in Paris and crowned in London with silver laurel. Not since the days of the famous Vestris has France seen a dancer of Nijinsky's ability. I think the French admirers of Nijinsky would frankly admit their enthusiasm was due to the technical skill and ease with which he relinquishes the force of gravity, yet English reviewers invariably introduce their discussions with the admonition that they do not admire him for his marvelous entrechats and pirouettes. The three ballets which in Europe have aroused the greatest comment and speculation were under the sole direction of Nijinsky and include "Jeux," "L'après midi d'un Faune" and "Le Sacre du Printemps." In the last mentioned, Nijinsky has perhaps thrown aside the greater part of his academic training and exposed his soul. Paris refused to look at it; London tolerated and finally went mad over the sight.

The troupe also includes the graphic and virile Bolm, the expert and comic Cecchetti and Léonide Massin, who danced in Paris the title rôle in "La Légende de Joseph," a rôle originally created for Nijinsky. The motive of Joseph was suggestive of a beautiful conception of the character on the part of Strauss, and of no less beauty was the spirit of Léonide Massin. Rarely has adolescence been seen on the stage in so vivid yet idealistic a form. Massin will be seen in this country in the "Soleil de Nuit," a ballet consisting of sacred Russian games arranged by himself. Other dancers are Mines, Lubov, Tchernichowa, Sokolova and Pflanz—each an artist of distinction and all trained in the ballet schools and imperial theatres of Russia.

In discussing the decoration of the Russian Ballet one has

come to use the name of Leon Bakst as indicative of its development and in fact, the art of Bakst has been as instrumental in propagating the fame of the Ballet as the dancers themselves.

The cartons of Bakst are things of perfect arrangement of the principles of design, and his use of color is more to be appreciated in the original than in its practical ap-



Thamar Karsavina in "Le Coq d'Or"

plication. A designer has more variety at his command in his own palette than could possibly be gathered in actual material from the four cardinal points of the earth, and it is this unrestricted



use of color and freedom of line which makes Bakst most difficult to reproduce. While his settings are often characterized for their primitive nature it is a mistaken idea to think they lack intelligent handling. His color combinations are as intricate as the phrasing of a symphony and his main contribution lies in the fact that he has brought us to realize many sections of the color scale hitherto not commonly used. If color possesses psychological significance in that it can be definitely expressive of human emotions, the task of making it speak from the stage is nevertheless a limited one, and can never include the many hues of emotional expression which a free body is capable of undergoing.

The setting and costuming of "Cléopâtre" undoubtedly represent Bakst in his most masterly application of line, form and color. The straight line is used in innumerable arrangements, thus utilizing one of the noblest periods in all Egyptian decoration. We cannot style this work of Bakst's as Egyptian for it displays strong originality and ingenuity, and its only relation to the Egyptian is an adherence to a restriction in the principles of line and form perspective.

Working along similar lines and co-operating with Bakst in many of the productions we have Nicholas Roerich, Serge Soudeikine, Jose Maria Sert, A. Korovin, A. Golovin, M. Larionof, M. Douboujinsky and Boris Ainsfeldt. Bakst heads this group which represents the highest development in academic design. Alexander Benois, who designed the entire production of "La Rossignol," gives an interesting variation to a Chinese theme taken from the fairy tale of Hans Christian Andersen as the basic idea of the opera.

Havelock Ellis in his observation of the Russian Ballet says: "What we see here, in the Russian Ballet as we know it to-day is a splendid and ardent technical tradition, brought at last by the combined genius of designers, composers and dancers, into real fusion with an environment from which during more than a century it has been held apart; Russian genius for music, Russian feeling for rhythm, Russian skill in the use of bright color, and, perhaps above all, the Russian orgiastic temperament and the general Slav passion for folk dancing,

shown in all branches of the race, Polish, Bohemian, Bulgarian and Servian. The result has been that our age sees one of the most splendid movements in the whole history of romantic dancing."

Ballet dancing as exemplified in the Russian Imperial Academy has never been the



WARSLAV NIJINSKY
In "Le Spectre de la Rose"

reflection of a national spirit as expressed in the folk dancing, and Russia above all other nations who have established similar institutions, offers the most absurd contrast in this adopted form to its own beautiful character dancing.

Gordon Craig speaks of the appeal as too material, the beauty of the individual human bodies acting upon our senses, stimulating a physical appreciation which excludes the serene spiritual revelation which is the aim of art.

In his interesting book, "Modern Dancing and Dancers," J. E. Crawford Flitch says of Nijinsky: "Could the Diaghileff ballet exist without this marvellous youth who is already a supreme master of the technique of dancing, who cannot make a gesture that has not a graceful or a witty significance, who has confounded Newton and demonstrated that the law of gravity is a figment of the scientists?"

"Nijinsky has danced ever since he was an infant. Both his mother and father were in the ballet at the Imperial Theatre in Warsaw, where he sometimes danced with them. His first appearance was as a little Chinese with a pigtail, when he was yet only six years old. The serious study of his art began in 1898, when he entered the Imperial Ballet School at St. Petersburg. He passed his final examinations in 1907, and danced at the Imperial theatres for a year and

a half before he visited other countries. In 1909 he danced in the Russian Ballet at the Théâtre du Chatelat at Paris, and in the following year at the Opera. Subsequently he has appeared with the Diaghileff company in Berlin, Brussels, Rome, Monte Carlo and London. At Paris he caught typhoid, and when he was convalescent went to Venice, where he danced with Isadora Duncan. It is the place he loves best of all. Already, at the age of only twenty-one, he has received the enthusiastic applause of the most brilliant and exacting audiences of Europe; critics have minutely discussed and lavishly eulogized his dancing; artists have studied and reproduced his gestures; he has been the darling of society in half a dozen capitals—and yet the miracle is that he is untouched by conceit. He remains a modest, ingenuous youth, tireless in application, teachable, seeking continually to bring his art to a more precise perfection.

"In February, 1911, the world of the theatre was astounded to hear that Nijinsky had been asked to withdraw from the Imperial Opera at St. Petersburg. Various ungrounded stories have been afloat as to the cause of the rupture, but the truth is that it was merely an incident, perhaps an inevitable one, in the antagonism between the traditional and revolutionary schools of the ballet. For a moment the older school triumphed, and Nijinsky left Russia to undertake the enterprise of the conquest of Europe.

"The pretext which the officials seized upon to rid themselves of the young revolutionary was a detail of costume. Madame Kschesinskaya, the fixed star in the Imperial firmament, wished Nijinsky to appear with her in one of the ballets of the stereotyped Italian school. He, on the other hand, preferred to take the part of Loys in 'Giselle,' the ballet by Gautier and d'Adam, in which Grisi won her greatest triumph. He carried the day, and the ballet was produced at considerable expense. His costume, a *maillot* of yellow silk, was designed by Benois. He had some doubts as to whether it would be acceptable to the authorities, and therefore obtained special permission from the 'commandant general' of the Imperial ballets to wear it. At the last moment one of the directors objected to the costume, and ordered Nijinsky to change it. The dancer expostulated, and as there was not sufficient time to replace it with another, the director did not insist. The evening on which he appeared for the first and last time in 'Giselle' at the



Adolf Bolm in "Carnaval"



Lubov Tchern in "Narcisse"



Adolf Bolm in "Thamar"

Petrograd Opera, the Imperial box was full. The dancer was received by the whole house with the greatest enthusiasm. The Dowager Empress and the Grand Dukes were warm in their applause, and at the conclusion of the performance the Empress told one of the directors that she had never seen its equal. The next day, however, on the pretext that the *maillot* was objectionable, Nijinsky received notice that his services were no longer required. The repentance of the management came speedily, but the dancer declined their request that he should return. What influenced him probably not a little in his determination to leave was the fact that, for a dancer with his zest for work, his post at the Imperial

Opera was more or less of a sinecure. The ballet, which only performed about six times a month, was too intermittent to give a proper scope for his activity.

"With a dead complexion, lank, dun-colored hair, high cheek-bones, long and somewhat obliquely set eyes, Nijinsky has the racial characteristics of the Slav. His expression is one of a serenity that is untroubled

by the glory of the present or the cares of the future. His eye is bright and expressive. In repose his face has a certain dreamy preoccupation, which at a word spoken or a sight that arrests his attention, passes swiftly into an absorbing interest in the life of the moment. His is clearly a highly-strung temperament—indeed he told me that what he found most difficult in his art was the conquest of the nerves.

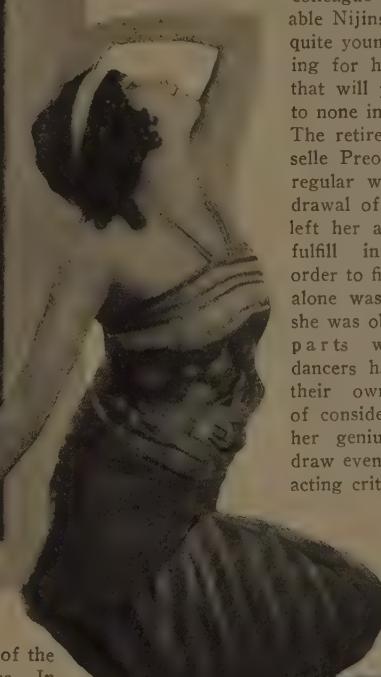
"Nijinsky has the genius for taking pains. A movement, a gesture, which upon the stage has often the appearance of a happy improvisation, is invariably the result of careful study. How searching is his preparation I only realized when I saw him one morning practising with Madame Karsavina on the stage at Covent Garden. His instructor, M. Cecchetti, a distinguished member of the Diaghileff company (he is the wicked marquis in 'Le Pavillon d'Armide,' the grand Eunuch in 'Schéhérazade'), took him through even the most elementary exercises with the severity of a drill sergeant. For the young dancer, however, it was not a mechanical routine, but a kind of play, into which he entered with a certain smiling gaiety. If he found that he was executing a movement imperfectly, he stopped short in the middle of it with a gesture of half-amused vexation and repeated it over and over again until he had made it faultless. The actual mastery of the technique appeared to him to be



in itself a delight, and not, as with many dancers, a painful task-work. In his practice I found that the turns of his pirouettes and the cuts of his entrechats were more numerous than in the actual performance, for he never perverses the attention of the dance by introducing into it acrobatic feats merely for the sake of dazzling the spectator."

Of Mme. Thamar Karsavina, the *première danseuse*, Mr. Flitch says:

"Madame Karsavina is in every way a fit colleague for the incomparable Nijinsky. Although still quite young, she is fast making for herself a reputation that will probably be second to none in the Russian ballet. The retirement of Mademoiselle Preobrajenskaya from regular work and the withdrawal of Madame Pavlova, left her an arduous task to fulfill in Petrograd. In order to fill the gaps that she alone was capable of filling, she was obliged to study new parts which the retired dancers had made peculiarly their own—an undertaking of considerable delicacy. But her genius enabled her to draw even from the most exacting critics that quiet smile of inward appreciation which she has acutely declared to be



Mlle. Federova in "Prince Igor"



© Dührkoop Leonide Massin in "La Légende de Joseph"



the highest tribute to the artist. She is hard-working, very ambitious, and takes her art very seriously in all its branches. Of her performances at Covent Garden, all were marked by such rare technique and instructed grace that it is difficult to put any one before another; but certainly she never surpassed her achievement in 'Le Spectre de la Rose.' Her dancing caught the very spirit of a maiden's reverie, and nothing could have been more finely imagined than those transitions from languor into quick rushes of darting movement, which illustrate the abrupt

and irrational episodes of a troubled dream. She was the very embodiment of faint desire. We felt, as it were, a breath of perfume, and were troubled in spite of ourselves. Moreover, the long partnership between the two performers seemed to have resulted in a very special and intimate harmony. For the most part they simply floated about the stage as though borne upon a common current of emotion. There was a marriage, not only between their bodily movements, but between their spirits, such as I have never noted in the union of any other dancers. In

'Schéhérazade' Madame Karsavina proved herself to be the possessor of a dramatic sense which the other ballets had not sufficiently displayed. As the faithless Zobeide, she mimed with astonishing subtlety an inward conflict of warring emotions, fear mingling with desire, rapture giving place to despair. Her gestures were charged with the same passionate significance as those of Ida Rubenstein and Astafieva. Both her miming and her dancing were characterized by a certain natural softness of movement, the quality of languor rather than of passion."



Hall

Geo. M. Cohan

Geo. M. Cohan and Percy MacKaye Collaborators

By ALFRED GRUNBERG



Percy MacKaye

SCENE 1.—LIBRARY OF MR. MACKAYE'S APARTMENT. Fitted up artistically—but not futuristically. Books are in evidence, denoting the intelligence and education of their owner. The curtain rises on the empty room. A few moments later Messrs. Cohan and MacKaye enter, arm in arm. The former is carrying a light bamboo cane while the latter sports an ethereal look.

PERCY—Be seated, George, be seated.

GEORGE—I will, Percy, I will.

PERCY—You said something about a play when you telephoned.

GEORGE—Yes, old man, I did. Here is my idea. I want you to collaborate with me on a play. You supply the artistic side, and I'll put in the material that will make it a commercial success.

PERCY (in astonishment)—But good heavens, George, one cannot order up some artistic material the way one would ask for a sirloin steak!

GEORGE—I know that, Percy, but I have great faith in you. Any time you want to be artistic all you have to do is to brood over the wrongs of birds or the harsh life of the crow in the cornfield, and those things will give you the necessary inspiration.

PERCY—My goodness, George, you have the wrong idea. I cannot write a play to order. A great thought must strike me. Then I must absorb it. The idea smoulders within me for months before my creative faculties are aroused. Why, the plan is absurd.

GEORGE—Now look here, old man. You've simply got to do this. You turn out the best thing you can, and I'll fix it up.

PERCY—It would ruin my reputation.

GEORGE—No, it won't. You see, your name won't even appear in connection with the play.

PERCY (indignantly)—Why not?

GEORGE—Because, old man, you are virtually unknown as a playwright.

PERCY (in astonishment)—Unknown? My goodness, I've written "The Scarecrow," "The—

GEORGE (interrupting)—But they weren't plays, Percy, they were poems. Who goes to the theatre to-day to hear poems?

PERCY (resigned)—I suppose you are right.

GEORGE (after a moment of silence)—By jove I've got it. We'll do a musical comedy together.

PERCY—Goodness gracious!

GEORGE—Wow! That will pack the house for 300 nights. By the use of your name we will get the highbrows, and by the use of mine we'll please the rest. They will simply eat it up alive.

PERCY—I—I beg your pardon, George, but just what do you expect me to do?

GEORGE—Why, you will write the libretto, and I will write the words and music, Sam Harris will pick the classiest chorus in New York. If we don't clean up a hundred thousand on this show, I'm not the Yankee Doodle boy I thought I was.

PERCY (resigned to his fate)—Very well, I consent, I'll write the libretto and send it over to you.

GEORGE—When will I have it?

PERCY—Will six months be soon enough?

GEORGE—Six months! Ye Gods! Why, don't you know that Harry B. Smith can turn out a book of a show in three hours, twenty-two minutes, and five seconds?

PERCY—Really? How remarkable! Well, I'll do my best to finish it within two months.

GEORGE—Thanks, old man.

PERCY (rising to his feet as George is about to leave)—But there is one condition I must insist upon.

GEORGE—What is that?

PERCY—No flag, and no reference to Uncle Sam. (They exit, arm in arm, George gesticulating wildly.)

SCENE 2. THE STAGE OF THE ASTOR THEATRE, THREE MONTHS LATER. The final dress rehearsal is taking place. Everyone is tired and angry. George is on the stage, directing the rehearsal. Percy is seated in the fourth row of the orchestra.

GEORGE—Come on now, Marie Dressler. Mr. MacKaye insists that you are a faun, so I suppose you must be one.

MARIE (advancing sulkily and clumsy)—I ain't goin' to stand for bein' any faun. I play this part the way I want or not at all.

PERCY (rising from his seat and clutching at his hair)—My goodness, Miss Dressler, you seem to have no conception of the part.

MARIE—I'm goin' to quit this show just as sure as you're born.

PERCY—The part is one that must be played airily and daintily. I picked you out despite Mr. Cohan's objections, and I want you to succeed. You are supposed to be a woman whose thoughts are about the lofty peaks, the ethereal heavens, and the mysticism of Maeterlinck. I wish to show that even a fat woman can be idealistic.

MARIE—Oh, Gawd, I quit, I never did like this lofty stuff!

GEORGE—I'll fix you up, Marie, don't worry about that. You will have a fat part.

MARIE (hopefully)—Goin' to give me a flag, Georgie?

GEORGE (glancing uneasily at Percy)—I'll have to. It is the only thing that can overcome MacKaye's lines. (Turning to Percy) I'm sorry, old man, but I'll have to put in a flag.

PERCY (sulky)—Oh, do whatever you wish. You have so mutilated my message to the public that I scarcely recognize it.

GEORGE (not answering him)—Marie, this will be the action in the last scene. The hero is hiding behind your skirts so the enemy cannot get at him. They know he is behind you, but being unable to flank you, they raise their guns to fire. You whip out this American flag from your bosom, place it on your chest, and say: "Fire at my thin, anemic body if you must, but Gawd help you if one bullet perforates the flag of Uncle Sam!" Then the chorus sings the finale.

PERCY (protesting feebly)—But, Georgie—

GEORGE—Shut up, back there.

PERCY—But, Georgie, it isn't artistic.

GEORGE—Hang you and art! I tried to be artistic when I wrote "The Miraculous Woman" and I lost money. Then I wrote "Broadway Feet" and I coined the mazuma. No more art for me. On with the rehearsals.

SCENE 3. THE LOBBY OF THE ASTOR THEATRE AFTER THE PERFORMANCE. Everyone is praising the play. Some of the expressions of some of the people:

MR. HIGHBROW—Too bad that Hebrew person, Cohan, had to spoil MacKaye's poetry. Still, he was unable to ruin it utterly. What verse we heard between his wretched songs was exquisite. Such metre, such iambic nothingness.

MISS PRETENDER-INTELLECTUAL—So soulful—so dreamily gripping—so inspiring.

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL—Betcher ten t' nine Cohan put in the flag stuff.

Messrs. Cohan and MacKaye appear in the lobby, arm in arm. They stroll about for a few moments over hearing the comments. Finally, George casts a sardonic look at Percy.

GEORGE—What did I tell you? What did I say? Did I say this would be a knockout or didn't I?

PERCY (still protesting)—But Georgie, it isn't artistic.

CURTAIN.



Abe Potash Rosie Potash
(Barney Bernard) (Mathilde Cottrelly)

Mawruss Perlmutter Marks Pasinsky Mrs. Perlmutter
(Julius Tannen) (Lee Kohlmar) (Louise Dresser)

Act I. The wedding celebration in Mawruss' flat. The pinochle game.

Perlmutter is giving a party in his flat in celebration of his wedding anniversary. Mawruss and Abe's wife, Rosie, are playing pinochle, while Abe watches



Act II. Abe Potash refuses to be drawn into the scheme for the incorporation of the business.

the game over his wife's shoulder and makes loud exclamations of disgust at her frequent mistakes. The firm is still prosperous, but Perlmutter is ambitious. B. Gans, a shrewd Wall Street promoter, urges him to make the business a million dollar corporation. The sharper, at the same time, makes love to Mawruss' wife behind his back. Mrs. Perlmutter distrusts the man's scheme and leads him on, warning her husband meanwhile, but Mawruss, bitten by the success germ, throws



Photos White

Act III. Arrest of Perlmutter on a charge of defrauding his creditors.

caution to the winds and has papers of incorporation drawn up. Potash, disgusted, refuses to sign and sells out for \$75,000. The new company opens with magnificent premises, but Mawruss soon finds himself floundering in a sea of watered stock. The sharper decamps with the bank deposits, and Mawruss is arrested for fraud. At the critical moment, his old partner comes to his aid, turns over the \$75,000 to satisfy the creditors and the old firm of Potash and Perlmutter once more does business at the old stand.



UNIQUE OPEN AIR THEATRE ON THE CAMPUS OF YANKTON COLLEGE, YANKTON, S. D.

A N open-air theatre, unique in the United States, was recently opened on the campus of Yankton College, at Yankton, South Dakota. The idea was first suggested to its originator, Prof. George H. Durand, Vice-President of Yankton, by the private open-air theatres of Italy, which have survived through several centuries in the beautiful gardens of the nobility. At the time when these famous old gardens were laid out, it became a common practice to include a small garden theatre, with an earthen terrace backed by shrubbery for a stage and a seating place for the spectators.

But none of the Italian garden theatres, charming though they were, were suitable to the varied uses desired at Yankton. Prof. Durand outlined a structure which combined the terraced stage with many of the features of the formal gardens themselves and embodied, also, some of the details, especially in stage construction, of the severely plain and practical English theatres of Shakespeare's time.

The theatre enclosure is a space 140 feet wide by 200 feet long, the stage lying at its western end. The auditorium, which consists of a carefully graded lawn sloping toward the stage, is surrounded by a hedge broken by three entrances, one at the rear and one at each side. Each of the entrances is flanked by massive stone gate posts. The auditorium accommodates 2,500 spectators, who are seated in light folding chairs which are removed when the theatre is not in use, leaving the lawn unobstructed. The stage, which is terraced at both the front and the ends, is 60 feet wide by 30 feet deep, while gardens on the slightly lower levels at both ends, each 40 feet

The Garden Terrace Theatre

wide by 30 feet deep, give ample additional space if required. The western end of the theatre enclosure is filled by a massive cement wall, rough finished in natural cement to resemble the ancient, weathered walls of Italian gardens. It constitutes the back drop of the stage, and, extending on behind the gardens, terminates in two short wings with garden balconies at the corners. Above the centre of the stage the wall is surmounted by a balcony whose red-tiled roof and white balustrade gleam through the leaves of the several large trees which, by careful arrangement, were left growing upon the stage or overhanging the wall from the rear.

The stage proper is separated from the garden extensions by low walls provided with steps and embellished by large urns of growing flowers and vines. Beds of flowers and shrubbery are arranged

in the gardens and along the base of the stage wall, while the latter will, in the course of a few years, become more or less covered with the ivy and other vines now but newly planted. Following Elizabethan precedent, the stage entrances are but two in number; plain doorways pierced through the back wall. Each of the gardens has a similar doorway in its rear, while, still bearing in mind the simplicity of early English stagecraft, the stage properties consist only of a few articles of stone furniture, and no curtain is used.

All of the lighting is controlled from a switchboard in one of the gate posts at the rear entrance to the auditorium and ample lighting is provided for by a footlight trench socketed for sixty lamps and by powerful elevated cluster lights, while spot lights can be used as desired, and delightful effects are obtainable by training strings of lamps through the leaves of the trees above the stage. At the opening performance in the new theatre, a production of "The Merchant of Venice," given on the night of June 1st, the starlit beauty of a radiant spring evening was enhanced by the lights, twinkling like fairy lamps among the high branches. A few evenings later the more imposing effects demanded by the groupings of a Peace Pageant conducted by Miss Cora Mel Patten, of Chicago, and enacted by two hundred school children and young people of Yankton, were brought out vividly under the

flood of light poured upon the stage by cluster lights and footlights. This new open air theatre, beautiful, useful and inexpensive, may, indeed, prove the forerunner of many similar creations, in other localities where a centre for community enterprises is desired.

JOSEPH MILLS HANSON.



A PRACTICABLE BALCONY SURMOUNTS THE WALL. CENTRE STAGE



*A*DELAIDE and J. J. Hughes, now filling an engagement at the Century Music Hall, as integral parts of "Ned Wayburn's Town Topics," are life as well as dancing partners. Mrs. Hughes was once a child dancer. She was known as La Petite Adelaide. She retained her child-like title until her marriage with J. J. Hughes, when he gallantly yielded her priority in the rank of their names. One of Adelaide's earliest appearances was in "The Reign of Terror," at Hammerstein's Olympia.



Photos © Ira L. Hill's Studio

Adelaide and Hughes, Dancing in Ned Wayburn's "Town Topics" at the Century



Photos White ALEXANDER CLARK
In "The Princess Pat"

THE quaintness and authority with which Alexander Clark played Si Perkins on the opening night of "Princess Pat" at the Cort Theatre, his performance being a signal contribution to the remarkable success of the Herbert Blossom comic opera, wrote him down in the consciousness of the audience as an actor of ripe experience. That impression is verified by Mr. Clarke's list of attainments. Graduated from the leading comedy roles of the Gilbert-Sullivan operas presented by the Pyke Opera Company on the Pacific Coast, he came East and contributed comedy to "Little Christopher," and burlesqued Wilton Lackaye's Svengali in Joseph Herberg's burlesque "Trilby" of the famous Du Maurier character. Followed an engagement for the character of Old King Cole in "Jack and the Beanstalk" and for Ike Einstein in "The American Beauty," with Lillian Russell. He succeeded Charles Bigelow in E. E. Rice's production of "The Girl from Paris" at the Herald Square Theatre. In Lulu Glaser's first starring venture, "Sweet Anne Page," he was her principal comedian. To London he went with Alice Neilsen when she visited it with her offering, "The Fortune Teller." He was the Blue Jay of "Woodland," and preceded Eddie Foy as Jim Cheese in "The Earl and the Girl." Departing from musical comedy he created Smudge in Charles Frohman's production of the farce, "The Zebra," and starred in conjunction with Louise Dresser.

In the Spotlight

*Players Who Have Scored Individually
In Recent Broadway Productions*



HAIDEE WRIGHT
In "The Two Virtues"

HAIDEE WRIGHT plays an unpleasant part with such artistry in "The Two Virtues" that even the least discriminating in the audience recognize an unusually clever example of stage portraiture. She makes the sister of the delving historian so narrow and repellently conventional that she lifts it upon the plane of a Thackeray character drawing. Miss Wright is an actress by the grace of inheritance and inescapable gifts. She is of the well-known family of English actors. She made her first stage appearance as a child. Her actual debut she ranks as being in the rôle of Stephanus in "The Sign of the Cross," at the Lyric Theatre in London. The audiences of the United States welcomed her as The Painted Lady in "The Third Floor Back." She also created the character of Aunt Gertrude in "Milestones," in the original production.



SAM B. HARDY
In "The Princess Pat"

'T IS said of good wine and good wit that they are dry." To Sam B. Hardy's comedy the same adjectival compliment may be justly applied. His comedy might also be characterized as effortless because there is an appearance of the slightest outgo of energy in securing his effects. Yet very shortly after the appearance of the tall young man so youthful and handsome that he might have been a leading man had he not been born with the twist of humor, the audiences who see "Princess Pat" are put into a state of deep content. When he is missing from the stage they look with pleasant anticipation for his return. That is success. The Lambs are so confident of it that they bestowed upon him, at a recent election, the honor of being their collie. He began his career eleven years ago as one of the young officers in the company in which Henrietta Crosman played "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." He has appeared almost continually since in leading or comedy roles. He supported James K. Hackett in "The Fortunes of the King," Digby Bell as the Gibson Man in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," Marie Cahill for three seasons in "The Boys and Betty," and in "Marrying Mary." He played in "The City," "A Pair of Sixes," "Stop Thief," and "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." with Douglas Fairbanks. These engagements were interlarded with stock company training that has pruned the faults from most good actors.



White GARETH HUGHES
In "Moloch"



Matzene CHRISTINE NORMAN
In "The Unchaste Woman"

DURING the presentation of "Moloch" at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York an actor gave a moving study of a boy Lieutenant, far from home, homesick and craving the friendship of, and trusting, his enemy, a friendship and trust that ended in his murder. The youthful note was poignantly sounded. The pathos of the picture was limned with true art. Reference to programs disclosed the fact that the actor was Gareth Hughes, but who was Gareth Hughes? George C. Tyler's choice for the difficult rôle had fallen upon a Welsh youth. Gareth Hughes is but twenty. While but fifteen he fared from his native Llanelli, a town of Wales, and joined a Shakespearean company. He was widely advertised as a boy actor in Wales, Ireland, Scotland, and England. When barely sixteen he was pronounced a brilliant Hamlet. At seventeen he staged "The Joneses" in London, being greeted by the critics as the youngest stage manager in the history of English drama. He also produced the Welsh play, "Change," which toured this country, his work showing genius of character interpretation.

IT surprises no one to learn that Christine Norman cherishes an ambition to portray Ibsen heroines. There is in her personality a note of the deep, reserved, intellectual character of the women of the Far North of Europe. This quality is impressively evinced in the restraint with which she plays the rôle of the self-reliant, self-controlled young wife of the vapid, vacillating artist who is her stage husband in Louis Ansperger's play, "The Unchaste Woman," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre. Nine years ago Miss Norman was a student in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. A famous American actor had bidden her take that step to learn the fundamentals, so trying in the learning of dramatic art. Prior to that time she had been a schoolgirl of Cincinnati and Paris, with a keen appetite for the girlish pleasures of life and no ambition for other than the pursuit of these pleasures. A rigid course in the dramatic school, and the fact that immediately after her graduation she headed the road company presenting "The Darling of the Gods," "The Girl of the Golden West," and "The Warrens of Virginia," revolutionized her character.



CHARLES RUGGLES
In "Rolling Stones"

CHARLES RUGGLES won instant recognition in the metropolis by the natural, boyish note in his performance of the tramp in "Rolling Stones." His interpretation of the young man whom bad luck had pursued was alternately humorous and pathetic but as far from theatricalism, as the region of Robert Peary's discovery from the scene of Shackleton's explorations. A few years ago he was the representative of a wholesale drug house on the Pacific Coast. Yet since the time when, an admirer says, he noticed in his cradle the resemblance of a rattle to a jester's bauble he had fixed upon the stage as a career. His first appearance on a professional stage was as a super in a production of Clyde Fitch's play, "Nathan Hale," made by the Alcazar Stock company in San Francisco. Eventually he abandoned the West Coast to enlist under Charles Blaney's flag. Oliver Morosco, discovering unique quality in his protégé, sent him to Chicago to support Henry Kolker in "Help Wanted." When Edgar Selwyn required a young man of extremely natural type to play his comrade of misfortune, he recalled the young man of "Help Wanted."

THEATRE MAGAZINE AUTOGRAPH GALLERY



Mishkin

Yours sincerely
Ruth Wynn Matthewson



Interior of The Owl at Bayreuth where celebrities of the musical world congregate nightly, where Brunnhilde is found drinking beer and Parsifal eating radishes and cheese. Siegfried Wagner can be seen in the far corner to the right.

Wahnfried—the residence of the Wagner family where an almost regal etiquette is observed. (To the left) The Festspielhaus at Bayreuth

Where Music Holds Its Court

By ARCHIE BELL

BAYREUTH, the musical Mecca, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts: the magnificent theatre built by the king, who was so wise that people called him insane, Wahnfried, the villa in which the great Richard Wagner found a haven of rest, after a life on stormy seas, and Die Eule (The Owl) a poor little restaurant set far back on a narrow side street. Money will gain admission for the stranger to the first; social position often permits him to pass the portals of the second, but it is easier for the proverbial camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a rich man or a society matron to sit on the board benches of the little restaurant, burying his toes in the sand or sawdust on the floor and partaking of the pig's hock, radishes, cheese and black bread of Mein Herr Fritz, served by himself and his daughter, Rosie. Either one "belongs" and gains entrée to Die Eule, or one does not belong and goes to some other restaurant that is an imitation Eule.

The difference between the three, to note one instance is: at the Festspielhaus, one sees Ellen Gulbransen, bedecked in the trappings of Brunnhilde, amid the gorgeous scenes of "Die Gotterdämmerung" and emitting those wonderful tones now heard only once in two years when she leaves her home in Sweden and makes the pilgrimage southward into Bavaria; at Wahnfried, one sees her standing in the receiving line, while princesses, even kings, place their lips to her hand and pay her the tribute that she deserves; but at Die Eule, one sees Frau Ellen, the Brunnhilde of an hour before, poising a litre of beer in one hand and conveying large hunks of limburger cheese and black bread to her mouth. At the first place, one sees the aristocracy of the

music world in the most sacred temple ever erected to Thespis; at the second, the nobility of art on parade and at the third, celebrated personages of all countries at play, forgetting their rôles and their status and being just themselves.

Whole books have been written about this famous theatre, which although erected so many years ago, still serves as a model for structures in all parts of the world. It was the realization of a life-long dream, seemingly the reward of a superb genius for a life of industry. Wagner's dreams had placed noble pictures on canvas, but they needed an appropriate frame. He was de-

termined that not only the decayed music of an earlier period should pass, but that the world should see as well as hear the difference between the opera of the conventional stage, and the noble music drama which he had evolved.

Bayreuth, therefore, means this to the great public. It is to musicians what the Kaaba is to the Mohammedans. The critics mourn the passing of Bayreuth, as they have mourned it for fifteen years, because they have declared that other theatres, the Prinz Regenten at Munich, and the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, for example, have usurped its place in public appreciation. But to such critics, one replies, employing the eastern simile, Damascus has its Mosque of the Omaiyade and Jerusalem its Kubbet es-Sakhra, but pilgrims continue to go to Mecca, just as musicians will continue to go to Bayreuth.

When Richard Wagner died, they said: "This is the end," but the composer had barely seen the beginning. When copyrights expired, they said: "'Parsifal' remains to Bayreuth, but it is almost the end." Then when "Parsifal" became the property of the whole world, the critics were thrown into confusion because the crowds still flocked to Bayreuth. Herman Bahr, of Vienna, perhaps best known in America as the author of "The Concert," said last year: "I am firmly of the opinion that if 'Parsifal' were sung in all the opera houses of the world without a charge for admission, the discriminating musician would still prefer to hear it at Bayreuth. Bayreuth will live when the critics who predict its decay, have died and are forgotten."

The Festspielhaus is the biennial rendezvous, not only for the great musicians of the world, but for other artists. They enjoy its atmosphere and surroundings. At a restaurant table between the acts, one sees the great literary celebrities of the day, perhaps grouped around the table where



A Caricature of Siegfried Wagner



Photos © Charles Frohman, Inc.

Emma McChesney, the travelling saleswoman, is a familiar heroine to all acquainted with Edna Ferber's popular magazine sketches. In the play we first see Emma "on the road"

at a typical drummer's hotel. Her firm, Buck & Co., wants to renew her contract, about to expire, but Abel I. Fromkin, who wants her services to sell his brand of shirts in South America makes her a more tempting offer. Emma would



Act I. Mrs. McChesney learns that her son raised

accept, but for her son Jack who gets into trouble with a raised check which young Mr. Buck cashes for him. To make resti-



Act II. The dishonest cashier of the firm

tution Emma stays with Buck & Co. She becomes manager of the firm, herself designing a featherloom skirt which Buck & Co.

Hayes
ETHEL BARRYMORE AS
EMMA MCCHESEY

Act III. T. A. Buck & Co. is again on a solid footing

try to popularize. But the public refuse to bite and the firm is in a bad way. Just as the heavens are about to fall, Jack's fiancée, a show girl, saves the day. She displays the skirt to such advantage at a dress show that the women rush in droves to buy them. Matters are still critical, however, when Emma returns unexpectedly from a trip with \$51,000 worth of orders for her skirt. Fromkin is shown the door. Jack and the show girl begin housekeeping and Emma marries T. A. Buck, Jr.

ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "OUR MRS. MCCHESEY" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

begin at four o'clock and are usually over by nine) until Siegfried Wagner, master of Villa Wahnfried, is able to make his escape from titled and distinguished guests at home. It is a trait inherited from his father, for although the great Richard did not go to Die Eule, it is recorded that he received noble guests at his villa, left them as soon as possible, and having changed his clothing, climbed out of a window and escaped to a restaurant where his "cronies" were waiting for him to come for his evening beer.

The back room is known as "Siegfried's Room." A marble bust of him repose in a niche in the wall and paintings from scenes in his operas, are hung about the walls. There are small tables around the four walls and here the son of Richard Wagner holds court. These words are not far-fetched, because the little bench in the corner, which he invariably occupies, raises him higher in the estimation of many people than a royal dias. Once I saw a princess enter this room, deliberately walk over to Siegfried Wagner, give him a resounding kiss on the cheek, and explain: "That's for your father," and then kissing him on the other cheek: "One for you because you are his son." Siegfried goes to Die Eule every night in the week unless prevented from doing so by something over which he has no control. During festival weeks, it is almost impossible to pass beyond the forbidden door. One night, I was literally dragged in by the heels, owing to the fact that all doors open before Madam Schumann-Heink at Bayreuth, and I was her escort. Thenceforth, I could go in, for I had been "presented."

"Bravo, Schumann-Heink!" shouted the crowd, most of them rising to their feet and lifting their mugs of beer at arms' length. Place was made for her near Siegfried and Ellen Gulbransen. As she took her seat, a jolly little German came up behind her and kissed her on the cheek before she had the opportunity to see his face. The crowd applauded and told the two that such behavior was "scandalous."

"Ernestine and I have sung together for thirty years—or is it forty, Ernestine?—I guess we can kiss one another once in two years."

The speaker was Hans Breuer, the incomparable Mime from Vienna.

"Must I sing with you for forty years before you'll kiss me?" laughed Gulbransen, as she poised a piece of limburger on the top of a fork. Two hours before, she had been singing Brunnhilde in "Götterdämmerung."

Schumann-Heink's eyes were upon an old fellow who had just entered the room and taken a seat with his back turned to her. She threw a crust of bread that bounded from his bald head. He turned around and came over to her table. Grasping her hand, he was bending to kiss it and suddenly checked himself.

"Ernestine, where did you get those rings?"

"Worked and earned them."

"All right, then," and he completed the formality of kissing her hand. "You weren't wearing rings like that when I used to conduct for you and Sembrich in "Rigoletto."

He sat down and they talked about the "old days," while the rest of the crowd became eavesdroppers.

"Rosie, another glass of beer, please!" shouted Gulbransen. "That Brunnhilde lady does make me thirsty when I get through with her."

Then, as at an encampment of soldiers, they began to chat about the "missing faces." One spoke of Materna, Malten, Sucher, Brema; another of Plank, Reichmann and Mailhac, Vogel or Gura, Lehmann, Krauss and others. Loving words from their brother and sister artists, for faces no longer visible at the Festspielhaus. Perhaps they were rivals in another day. All is forgotten when their names are mentioned now at Die Eule. Some one mentioned the name of Lillian Nordica, who had died since the last festival.

"Poor Nordica," said Schumann-Heink. "I owed her so much and she meant so much in my life. It was Nordica who taught me to be

thoughtful of others, and I have tried to be." Silence fell over the room which is usually a buzz of conversation; everyone wanted to hear.

"We sang together in London and Nordica asked me to call at her house. Finally, she sent me an invitation to come on a certain night. I put on the best gown I had, a black one. The man at the door would not let me in. 'Nordica invited me,' I told him, and he said he would go and tell her. When I waited in the vestibule, the door at the top of the stairs was thrown open, and Lillian, looking like a fairy queen, resplendent in a gorgeous costume, came down to greet me. She put her arms around me and said:

"'You dear child,' and explained that I could not be seen in that black dress. I told her it was the best I had, so she took me to her boudoir and her maids fixed me up in a wonderful spangled costume of her own. They dressed my hair, and put an aigrette in it. That night she presented me to the Prince of Wales. I sang for him and things came easier after that in England."

Then Hans Breuer, seeing tears in many eyes, told a funny story, about a quarrel at rehearsal, when Materna and Frau Cosima were at variance upon some technical interpretation of a phrase.

"Why do you do that?" asked Frau Wagner.

"Because the Master told me to," snapped Materna.

"Poor Richard," replied Cosima, "he was so busy that often he did not know what he wanted himself."

Siegfried is usually quiet and reserved, but never so happy as when he is surrounded by many people who are gay and loquacious at the restaurant of his choice. Occasionally, he warms to a topic and becomes as enthusiastic as the others. When he speaks, however, a death-like stillness comes over the place. His voice seems to be that of an oracle.

He is "Wagner" and that is the powerful magnet that draws men and women to Bayreuth.



Peggy Rush

Frederick Ross

Cecil Fletcher

Act I. Quinney (Mr. Ross)—"Look, isn't it a beauty?"

SCENE IN HORACE VACHELL'S COMEDY "QUINNEYS," AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE



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Emily Stevens

(Continued from page 293)

her swift girlish smiles, in which mischief flashes, a "tearing loose from the family apron strings," when she played in "Septimus" and when she became the Vilma of "The Devil." Thereupon she had stood "on her own" and found it good, for, let me remind you, she is one of the intellectual independents.

She had always been about the theatres, for her mother was Emma Maddern, a sister of Minnie Maddern who became Mrs. Fiske, of Elizabeth Maddern, and of Mary Maddern, both actresses. There had been layman's education in the Institute of the Holy Angels, at Fort Lee, and of St. Mary's Hall, at Burlington, N. J. She is what Booth Tarkington said he would give a medal if he could ever find him or her, a native of New York.

"My trouble is to get away from a part, to forget it." For an instant I had vision of the Emily Stevens of popular conception, for the strong, thoughtful face grew older than its years under the weight of her earnestness, and she bit her red, young lips as we have often seen her do on the stage.

"You have followed the great majority and taken up pictures?"

"Two of them, 'Cora' and 'Destiny.' They served their purpose for me, as for other actresses, for they are a first aid to the pocket-book. That is all. They have nothing whatever to do with acting. You might as well say that playing the violin helps you to paint a picture. They teach an actress nothing except pantomime. We do not need pantomime in modern acting, for pantomime does not reflect modern life. Of what use, for instance, would pantomime be in playing 'Rosmersholm'?"

"Swanhilde in 'The Garden of Paradise'?"

"Don't mention that tragedy. We rehearsed twelve weeks, and played only two or three, you know. Still it was well worth while. Swanhilde wasn't study. I loved her. If you love a character it is like loving a person. Pains and effort do not matter."

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A Dictionary of Music Terms

Aria: A title given to a part of an opera to indicate that the singer expects the action to be interrupted by applause at the conclusion.

Bravo: The pass-word of the professional claqueur.

Bravura: The pyrotechnic style of those virtuosos who habitually exceed the speed limit.

Calenza: A capsule of compressed technique inserted by a soloist whenever the composer's music becomes dangerously easy or intelligible.

Conductor: An automaton which, if properly wound up, keeps time to the playing of an orchestra.

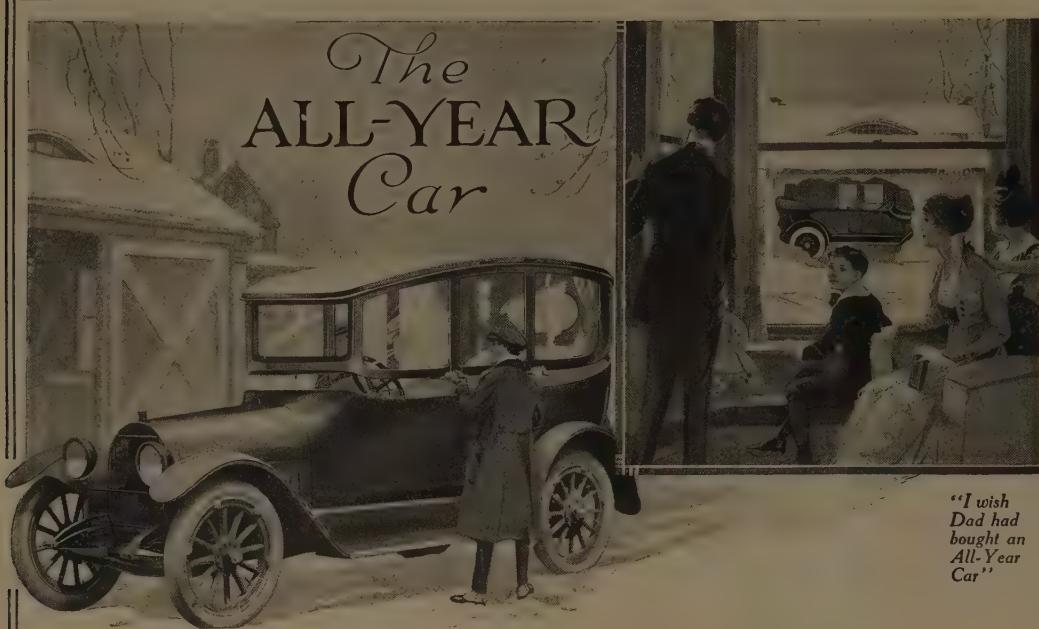
Encore: A French abbreviation of the Yiddish phrase, "Once more yet again already," much used by patrons of music who insist on getting their money's worth.

Opera: An expensive form of entertainment provided as a background to a lavish social display.

Oratorio: An old-fashioned relic of the days when the Bible was taken seriously and music was innocently believed to be a combination of melody, harmony and rhythm.

Motif: The tag with which Wagner labels his musical ideas. By learning the names of the motifs one can talk intelligently about any of the operas.

Recitative: A barking utterance of unintelligible words.—*Life.*



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New Victor Records

McCormack and Kreisler gives as their contribution to the November list the charming "Moszkowski's Serenade," the effective words being beautifully sung by McCormack, while Kreisler lends his loveliest tones to the violin obligato. McCormack also presents another number—a fine old Scotch ballad, "Mary of Argyle." Johanna Gadski is eminently fitted to bring out the beauties of the songs of Robert Franz, and her rendition of the favorite "In Autumn" is a most effective one. Emmy Destini is heard in another Pique Dame number of Tschalkowsky's; Lucrezia Bori sings a delightful Spanish song, "Carnations," with much spirit and charm; and Margarete Ober presents a Schumann gem, "Dedication," which has an irresistible appeal.

Frieda Hempel contributes a dark song, "Ma Curly-Headed Babby" and is quite charming in this exhibition of her newly acquired English. It would be hard to imagine a more finished and beautiful delivery of Schubert's noble "Ave Maria" than that given by Julia Culp.

Tita Ruffo presents a highly effective performance of the mocking "Serenade Mephistopheles" from Faust. Emilio de Gogorza is heard in a Spanish song, "The Jealous One," and his rendition is beautiful and expressive. Giovanni Martinelli sings the lovely "Flower Song" from Carmen, and Evan Williams contributes a splendid rendition of Sullivan's "Lost Chord."

Schubert's fame as a composer of songs has caused his operatic and other works to be almost forgotten. The numbers written for the drama Rosamunde, however, rank among the finest compositions, and the delightful Ent'reacte is beautifully played as a violin solo by Maud Powell. *Advt.*

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New Columbia Records

The December list of records put out by the Columbia Graphophone Company has been specially prepared, with the idea of being suitable for Christmas gifts. Starting off in true Christmas spirit are those two most loved of all Christmas melodies, "Silent Night, Hallowed Night" and "Oh Come All Ye Faithful," sung by a mixed quartette. "Adeste Fidelis" and "Te Deum" and "Alleluia" are sung in Latin, which adds much to the sublime qualities of these selections. Particularly suitable to Christmas time is a grand recording of the "Worthy Is the Lamb" chorus from the "Messiah," coupled with Verdi's "Praise Ye" from "Attila."

Oscar Seagle sings "The Vision Fugitive" from Herodiade and the "Song of the Flea" from the Damnation of Faust, while Mme. Rider-Kelsey sings with new beauties the well-known songs, "Love's Old Sweet Song" and "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon." Julia Claussen interprets the old-time melody "Ah, Let Me Weep" from Handel's "Rinaldo," coupled with Carrie Jacobs-Bond's artistic "Shadows," "Macusla" and "Mother Machree," favorites in every home, are more than well recorded by Hardy Williamson, a new tenor added to Columbia list. Karl Jorn, the grand opera lyric tenor, adds four German and Tyrolean songs to the list. Among the instrumental offerings are three movements from Massenet's famous "Le Cid" Ballet. Saint-Saëns "Danse Macabre" and a companion descriptive "Dance of the Goblins" are also played with varied orchestral effects. "Underneath the Stars" and "Somewhere a Voice is Calling" are played by the Taylor and Revillon Trios, respectively, with unusual sweetness and sound volume.

Advt.

Have You Written a Play?

CONVINCED that there are in this country many dramatists of talent whose plays, now that the keen foreign competition has been removed, should come into their own; confident moreover, that there are potential playwrights in this America of ours who only need encouragement to be inspired to use its gigantic interests and widely diversified modes of life and manners for dramatic material —

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Furthermore, we have provided in this dramatic department to take special care, not only of the mss. that is marketable as it stands but the mss. that contains an excellent idea, but is not sufficiently dramatic in construction to submit professionally.

You probably have had that idea in the back of your mind for some time. Don't let it go to waste because you haven't confidence enough in your own ability.

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A moderate registration fee of \$10.00 is required for each mss., and in event of sale the usual agent's commission of 10% is asked.



Address

Theatre Magazine
Play Department

First-Night Audiences

(Continued from page 293)

would provide a new sensation. The good old ones have vanished, never to return. Alas!

Managers are very particular about the behavior of critics, so I don't see why they should neglect their audiences which are very much more important. These—I repeat it again—should be rehearsed, just as a small percentage of them, the *claque*, is rehearsed. These eccentricities and foibles should be shorn from them. The playwright's vapid utterances before the curtain, the star's ridiculous thanks, the foolish unvarying applause, and a dozen other precious little curiosities should be nullified. Perhaps it would even pay managers to provide supper, so that the play could take its own time undisturbed, and people were not obliged to rush away before the heroine was properly clasped in the hero's arms. They have objected to my departure before the final curtain. They thought it very dreadful of me to hurry out, and lodged serious complaints. Yet I had to write about it all in a given time, and all the audience has to do is to hustle after oysters and champagne.

If managers will not provide supper—and I admit that it would be an expensive thing to do—then let them clamp the audiences to their seats. A clamped audience might struggle, and probably would, against some of the plays offered, but remember that a clamped audience couldn't move! The clamps might be made effective until the curtain had been raised after the final act as persistently as it was raised after the "big scene," and until all the honors had been done all over again. Clamp 'em all—the gentleman who wears diamonds as houses wear door knobs, the un-ageing lady encircled in pearl necklaces, and hung with "jools," the stout actress who is "resting"—all of 'em in fact, except the critics. Let the critics leave at the critical moment, while the leaving is good. There should be no rebellion at that.

Critics, like measles, are very often better out than in.

Modern audiences are not unkindly. Their minds have been devastated by bad plays, but they should be taught that it is really not good form to receive these as though they were good ones. In restaurants, bad food is returned to the kitchen with alacrity and tart words. Those who receive it, do not applaud it, or even eat it. Good food is recognized and enjoyed. If a chef believed that he could get as much appreciation for ill-cooked viands as he does for his artistic gastronomical delights, he would cease to invent these.

So it is with plays and "first-night" audiences. From these the playwright never learns the truth. If there were no subsequent gatherings he would believe that he had created a masterpiece, and would go on creating more of the dreadful things. You need not "boo" the poor chap, but at least do not batter him with applause, and insist upon his coming out to thank you for what you have possibly hated.

Why be a "jaded" theatre-goer? Why not un-jade, and leave the "jaded" condition, so dear to the reportorial critic, to the hayseeds? Hayseeds would simply love to be jaded—it would be a novelty to them, and after all, it is very old fashioned, and provincial. It has been our attitude for too long a period. Fashions, even in audiences, must change.

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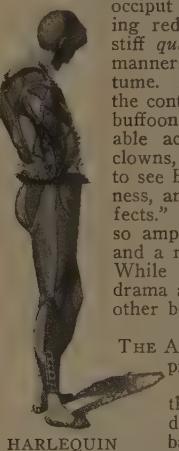
Some New Dramatic Books

THE HISTORY OF THE HARLEQUINADE. By Maurice Sand. In two volumes. J. B. Lippincott Co.

This is a complete, exceedingly interesting and valuable work. Its sixteen illustrations are in colors, giving us the various types used. Some idea may be had of these conventionalized characters from the description of Pierrot: "The English Pierrot, or rather the English Clown, is a bizarre and fantastic creation not based upon any French type. The Florentine *Stenterello* alone may be compared with him by his singular methods. And what an extra-ordinary fancy has presided over the dressing of this personage, who seems to have been born among the savages of America! He is arrayed in a tight-fitting tunic, white, red, yellow, green, in stripes, in squares or in circles; his face is pasted with flour, set off with stripes, with moustachios, with impossible eyebrows; his cheeks are raddled with a brutal carmine; his forehead is carried up to the summit of the occiput and surmounted by a wig of a blazing red, from the height of which a little stiff *queue* lifts itself towards heaven. His manners are no less singular than his costume. He is not mute, like our Pierrot; on the contrary, he holds forth in an extremely buffoon manner and is in addition a very STENTERELLO

clown, were the types of this personage. It was impossible to see Boxwell without admiring his strength and his adroitness, and without laughter at his versatility and bizarre effects." The subject is such a curious one and the material so ample that a full account of the book is impracticable, and a meagre account would not do justice to its contents. While it is of particular interest to the student of the drama and its development, it is very readable. Perhaps no other book covers the ground so thoroughly.

THE ART OF THE BALLET. By Mark E. Perugini. J. P. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.



HARLEQUIN

The author, competent for his task, celebrated in the line of work which is the subject of this book, does not undertake to give a minute history of the ballet, but he outlines it compendiously in a way that traces its development and devotes himself to presenting the leading aspects of the art as seen more particularly in France and England. The work is complete and satisfactory within its scope. It is instructive and entertainingly written. He divides his history or discussions into three eras, the first reaching to 1775, the second to the close of the eighteenth century to date. The thirty-eight pictures are well executed, some of them rare. He makes us acquainted with the famous people of the ballet, not only by biographical references, but by anecdotes and comments critical and personal. There is a certain authenticity in all that comes from the author's personal acquaintance with the great dancers that gives a special value to the work. The book is a genuine contribution to a record of the subject.

OLD BOSTON MUSEUM DAYS. With numerous illustrations from photographs, by Kate Ryan. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

This is a book of reminiscences rather than a formal history, and has a particular value from its intimate recitals. Kate Ryan, who was associated for many years with the productions of the famous house, gives many anecdotes, some of them entirely new, of the players. William Warren, Annie Clarke and Mrs. Vincent were permanent members of the company; a long list of others were transient; while the stock company supported the annual engagements of Booth, Boucicault, Lester Wallack, Mansfield, Fanny Davenport, Modjeska, Janauschek and others. The index includes the names of several hundred players. It is a volume of friendly comment and reminiscence, agreeable in character, of particular interest to those concerned in its pages, and affording general entertainment and information.

THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN DRAMA OF TO-DAY. By Barrett H. Clark. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

This is a companion volume to the same author's "The Continental Drama of To-day." Special attention is given to a selected number of the most significant plays of Pinero, Jones, Wilde, Shaw, Barker, Phillips, Hankin, Chambers, Davies, Galsworth, Masefield, Houghton, Sowerby, Barrie, and others, and of the Irish and American drama, special discussion being made of Bronson Howard, Herne, Thomas, Gillette, Fitch, Moody, MacKaye, Sheldon and Walter.



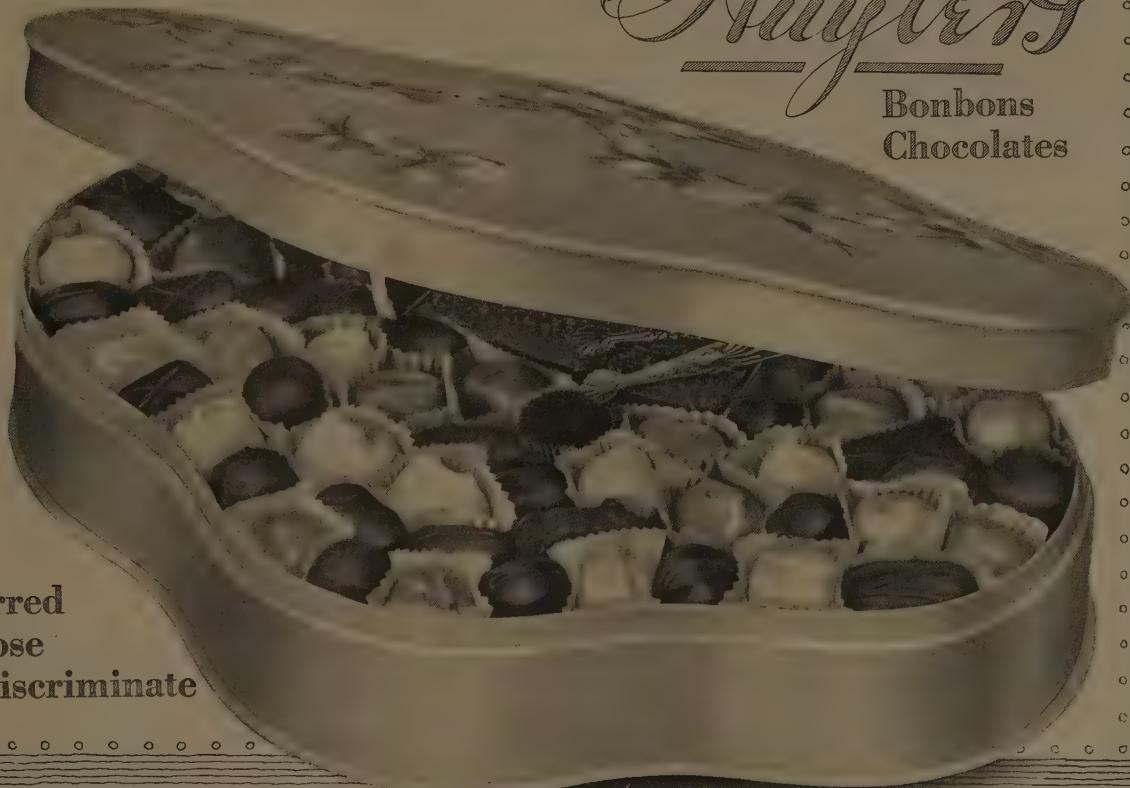
MADALEINE GUIMARD
Famous French dancer who was the idol of Paris (1762)



BOSTON MUSEUM IN 1876

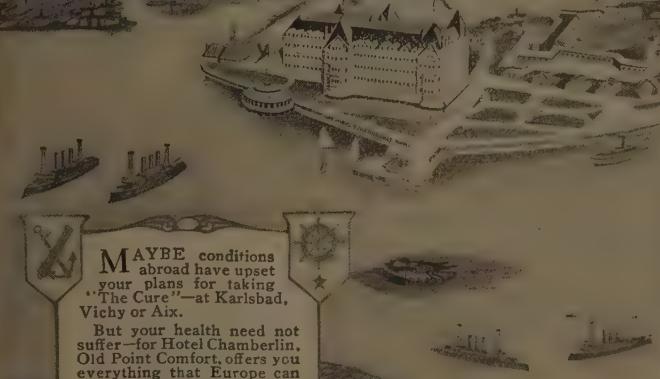
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Modern Stage Settings

To the artist the modern stage is a fertile source of inspiration. To make a setting for a fine drama or conceive a fitting background for a famous dancer is the aim of every ambitious scenic artist. In the stage picture he gets a unique opportunity to send out, under most favorable circumstances, his message of color and beauty.

The new models of simple, artistic stage settings are beginning to be recognized by the various art galleries as unusually fresh, interesting exhibits, of special educational value to a large, open-minded public, which could never, fortunately for itself, make friends with the pale trees and anemic animals formerly put before it and labelled "art."

The public loves that fascinating kaleidoscope of life, movement and color called the theatre. Any new scheme, therefore, of dressing the stage more beautifully is likely to appeal to them, and when the Art Gallery allows artist or scenic painter to set up on their premises models of stage settings, it is taking the quickest and most practical way of getting ideas of good taste before the people.

During the past month, the Folsom Galleries, Fifth Avenue, have shown models of stage settings by John Wenger, a young scenic painter who is swimming along in the current of modern ideas which slowly but surely are sweeping away the tedious, laborious patchwork of petty stage traditions to put in their place a texture of unity, bigness and simplicity.

Craig and Reinhardt have taught those who did not already know that a drama or a dance has as much right to be dressed appropriately as a woman has when she goes visiting or to the opera; or as the dining-room where we have our meals requires the proper setting for that most important process of eating. But just as the woman often forgets that right to show the subtle relationship between herself and her clothes, so the scenic painter entirely overlooks the fact that he can, if he thinks artistically, bring out in his settings the very essence of the drama or the dance.

Mr. Wenger has used his judgment, and he shows a dozen models, all embodying those principles of harmony and simplicity which one day will be universally adopted on the stage. There are several



A Room Setting

backgrounds, simple variations in color, which would be charming settings for dances. There is a pleasing setting for a room, with a striking circular space or window, that would, however, be far more effective without the cumbersome hanging lamp. The "Sunken Bell," too, shows a simple space that the absence of the lamp would simplify even more.

Each of these stage pictures calls for a circular back drop of painted canvas, veiled with

colored gauze. This gives a delightful haziness and a shimmering movement in the light which plays from above. Of course, such simple pictures must be framed simply. When they are used the proscenium arch is a plain rectangle of wood. Thus all the draperies that clutter the scene are entirely eliminated, very fortunately for that part of the audience that has never been able to see all of it.

At first it will be difficult for the everyday theatrical manager to "get" these new ideas. Is a public which is accustomed to gorgeous upholstery and all sorts of shams going to "stand for" anything as simple as this? Just think how cheaply it can be done! A drop of painted canvas and little furnishing. If the theatrical managers only knew it, the dear public is quite ready for something simple and beautiful, especially the New York public, which has been surfeited with lavish expenditures and vulgar hideousness too long.

Let the managers, first of all, stop calling good, simple, sensible, grown-up settings "new art." Let them give the scenic painter the freedom to go ahead with his ideas, without tormenting him as to whether they will take or not. It is the influence and example of such scenic painters as Mr. Wenger and others with their simple, original ideas that will gradually inspire our playwrights to give us more virile, more original plays.

"These changes in the weather are bothering me to death," said the amateur singer.

"Why?"

"When I have a cold I'm bass, and when I get well I'm tenor. I can never tell whether to practice 'The Diver' or 'Sally in Our Alley,'" —New York Mail.

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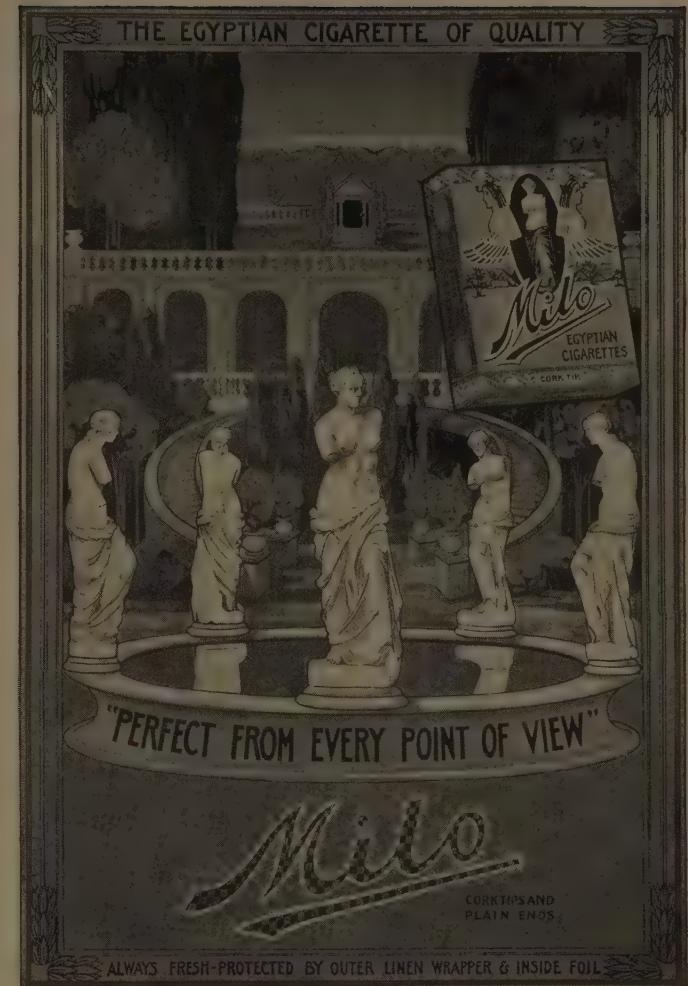
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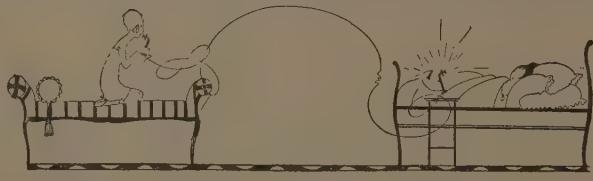
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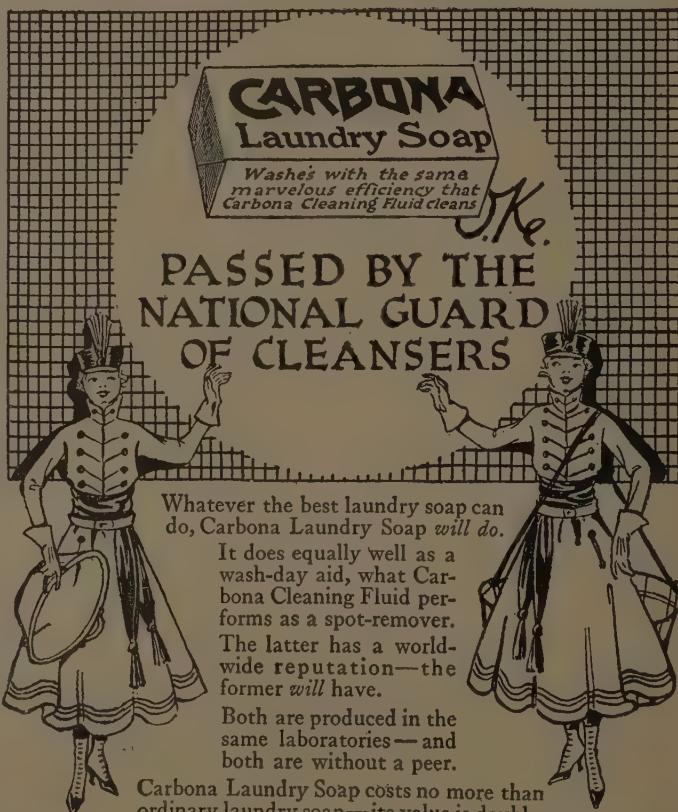
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Season of Grand Opera

(Continued from page 285)

opera house. Geraldine Farrar will return, but only for a part of the season, but if this is a disappointment, it is more than offset by the fact that Enrico Caruso will be at the Metropolitan the entire season—which, alack, he was not last year. Louise Homer, famous American contralto, will return this year, her absence last season having been accounted for by the arrival of another little one in the Homer fold. Let the barest summary suffice for the others to be heard at the Metropolitan this year: Bori, Alida, Hempel, Kurt, Ober, Gadski, Matzenauer; Caruso, Amato, Scotti, Martinelli, Ferrari-Fontana, Urlus, Sembach, Botta, Goritz, Whitehill, Weil, Rother, Didur, Braun, de Segurola and Witherspoon. Chief among the remaining conductors is Polacco, on whose shoulders will fall the chief burden of the Italian repertoire.

Now to new operas and revivals: the season opened with Saint-Säens' "Samson et Dalila"—almost a novelty at this opera house. The first novelty will be the Russian opera, Borodin's "Prince Igor," which was postponed from last season. In January, for the first time at this opera house, there will be sung a Spanish opera, the new work being called "Goyescas," by Enrique Granados. The French novelty will be Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de Perles"; the German novelty will be Hermann Goetz's "Der Widersprüchige Zähmung"—much better known to us by its English title, "The Taming of the Shrew." And, last but by no means least, is the announcement that while this Metropolitan opera season of 1915-16 will be twenty-four weeks long—a week longer than its previous season—the final month is to be devoted to the Russian ballet, of which a full account will be found elsewhere in this issue.

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Unauthorized Interviews

(Continued from page 288)

of people out front. There are a number of things I could say, being a woman. But I wish to do my share in making this a Merry Christmas, so I will stop talking."

Billie Burke has a Christmas face all the year around. Even the wreath is there—a wreath of smiles. Who knows but what, if she were going to talk, she would say something like this:

"Merry Christmas, everyone!"

Of course, Billie may repudiate this. She may try to convince us that she never gave this interview. Perhaps not, as an interview. Yet she said it. And, furthermore, she won't deny it.

The New Plays

(Continued from page 279)

The ultimate in theatrical extravagance would seem to have been reached in this latest musical offering. But if money has been ruthlessly scattered it has been dispensed with a cheerful and absolute regard for richness, taste and beauty. As far as scenery and costumes are concerned this Klaw and Erlinger production is a knockout. Would as much might be said for the book that calls for such a lavish and bewildering display of the every phase of sartorial art. The costumes are truly wonderful, mostly designed by Miss Cora McGeachy; they show a master hand in their daring but exquisite combinations of color and originality of design.

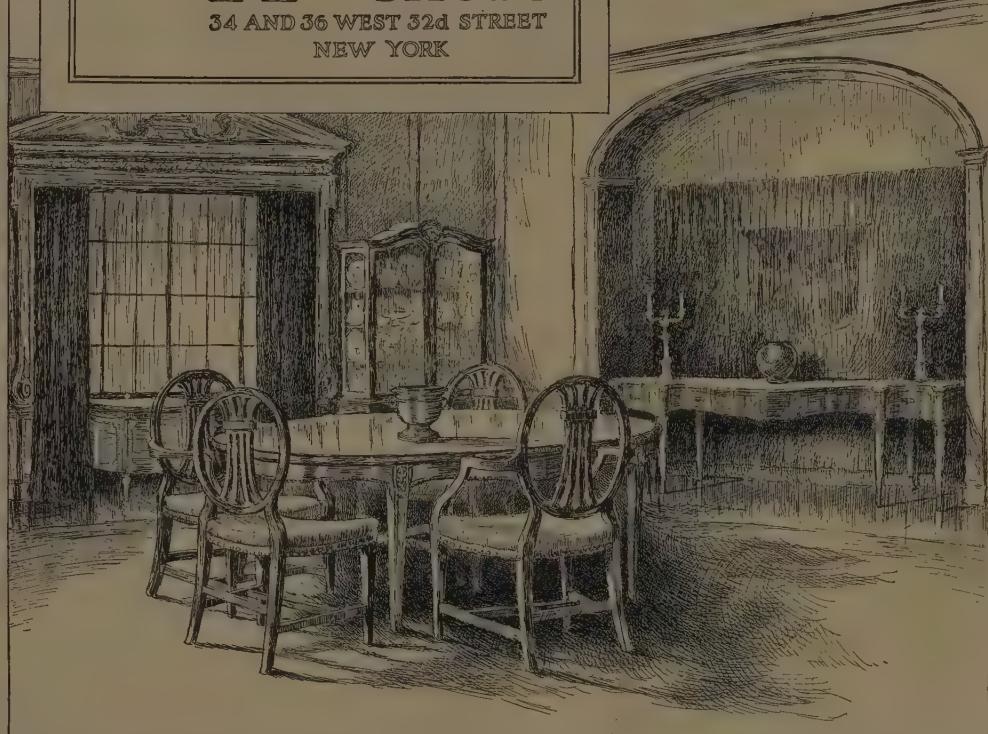
Tootsi, the leading rôle, is assumed by Else Alder, from the Johann Strauss Theatre, Vienna, a

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player of charm, grace and refinement. There is a virile and tuneful hero in the person of Robert Pitkin, while William Norris' well-known powers of characterization are deftly revealed in his rendering of a Parisian dressmaker.

LYCEUM. "OUR MRS. MCCHESNEY." Comedy in three acts by George V. Hobart and Edna Ferber—a dramatization of Edna Ferber's McChesney stories. Produced on October 19th.

From the harrowing psychological details of "The Shadow" it is a refreshing relief to see Ethel Barrymore in such a breezy, wholesome character as the title rôle of "Our Mrs. McChesney." It is a characteristic comedy of American commercial life which George V. Hobart and Edna Ferber have fashioned from the latter's stories of the resourceful seller of petticoats. It is not very expert comedy that they have turned out, but the scenes they have strung together have conventionally sustained theatrical value. It is all child's play for Miss Barrymore, who has only to appear her charming self.



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BANDBOX. Four one-act plays. Presented on November 8th. Of the four little plays in the latest bill of the Washington Square Players one is native and three are foreign. The three foreign plays written, if you will, by men of genius, Schnitzler, Bracco and Alfred de Musset, deal with illicit love. There is drama and human nature in them, two things that belong to the stage and thrive there, affording a certain interest perhaps even to the moralist with whose life and ideas they have nothing in common.

The players themselves are distinctly gaining in the professional requirements of acting. Helen Westley, Josephine A. Meyer, Florence Enright, Robert Strange, Frank Conroy and Ralph Roeder measure up to the needs of effective performance.

IRVING PLACE. "DER WEIBS-TEUFEL" (The Woman-Devil), by Karl Schönerr was given its first American production under the direction of Rudolf Christians, at the Irving Place Theatre, October 20th. It has had but two former presentations, one at the Kammerspiel Theatre in Berlin, under the direction of Max Reinhardt, where it ran for over two hundred consecutive performances, and the other at the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna. It is well acted at the Irving Place Theatre and portrays some remarkable character interpretation.

LYRIC. "ABE AND MAWRUSS." Comedy in three acts by Montague Glass and Roi Cooper Megru. Produced on October 21st.

Everyone who has enjoyed Montague Glass' amusing sketches of Jewish business life and laughed at "Potash and Perlmutter" on the stage will laugh again at "Abe and Mawruss," which presents the familiar characters and humorous situations all over again under another name. The incidents, of course, are not the same. The new play takes up the action where the first one left off.

Barney Bernard is wholly delightful as Abe Potash. It is a remarkable impersonation. Julius Tannen is a satisfactory Mawruss. Louise Dresser and Mathilde Cottrell divide the honors as Ruth and Rosie respectively.

SHUBERT. "ALONE AT LAST." Operetta in three acts by Franz Lehar. Book by Dr. A. M. Willner

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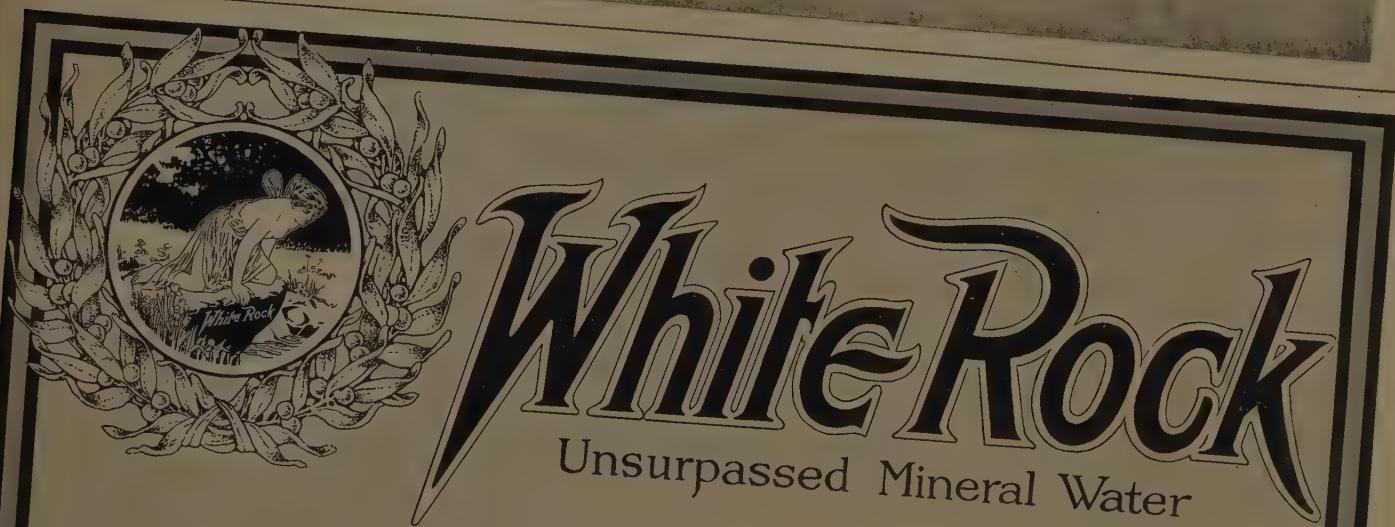
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(Continued on page 324)

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"Shells and the Man"

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"Through the Dark"

by Charles Wadsworth Camp, the author of "The Gray Mask"

"The Rise of the Movies"

by Charles E. Van Loan

"An Interview with Senator Borah"

by Henry J. Allen

"What Happened at El Rancho Verde"

by Vingie E. Roe

"Camps of Chaos"

Beginning a new series of the far north stories, by
Samuel Alexander White

When the Player Grows Tired

By E. H. SOTHERN
(Continued from page 290)

merely the exhibitor. Then his point of view, his conception, his conclusions may be debated by anyone who sees the performance, gives only casual attention to it. That is often pain.

In the laborer's phase of an actor's life I have always found delight. Whether or not a production made money was of lesser consideration. I have put on several productions, feeling sure that they would not "pay," yet producing them for the sheer delight of the preparation of them. An example of this was "Don Quixote," which ran for three weeks. It was not popular but I rejoiced in the work of interpreting the crazy old knight of Cervantes.

I shall not retire from the stage an enormously rich man, but I shall have no anxiety about providing the comforts and necessities of life. Our home will be in Warwickshire, England. My wife was born in England and loves its country life. I was born in New Orleans but have lived much in England, and I, too, enjoy its country life.

I shall leave the stage, not because I have lost my devotion to it, but because my physical strength is deteriorating. I am fifty-six. When I shall have left the stage I will be fifty-eight. At that time a man's strength has begun to wane. He is no longer adequate to the discomforts of travel and the transient manner of life. He wants and needs his home, and if his domestic life be happy, as mine is, he wants to enjoy his wife's companionship.

No one knows the severe physical strain of the actor's life. I have come home utterly exhausted after a day at the theatre and tumbled into bed from sheer weakness. I have seen my wife do the same. I have seen her faint in the wings and yet having recovered consciousness be flung back again upon the stage as so much merchandise, to finish her performance. I did not know how ill Mrs. Sothern was until she was completely broken in health. For five years she had been working while she was not strong enough to perform that work, because she knew I wanted to carry out our plans. My heart was set upon it and she made the constant, cruel sacrifice for my ambition. She was the greater part of the organization and knew I could not go on with that ambitious work without her.

The public never realizes this. It should not realize that the actor is using the last ounce of his energy in its service. It is our business to see that it does not know. An actor should seem adequate and more than adequate physically to any demands upon him.

No, a thousand times no, I have no regrets that I choose an actor's career. Perhaps I have been especially fortunate in the respect that I have flitted from one bough of the profession to another, comedy to tragedy, and back. Also I have done what I liked. That is the reason I became my own manager.

I am happier than any financier who has amassed millions. By the standard that success is doing the thing you want to do he, too, has been successful. His aim has been to amass hard, cold dollars and he has amassed them. But he has not been as happy as I, for his work has been among the hard, unyielding things of money. Mine, and that of any actor, is one of contact with the beauty of art, of life. Therein is the actor's greatest reward.

By ANNA HELD
(Continued from page 290)

beautiful woman in New York. And the ninny believed this silly speech of her hired man. I have known a singer whose husband, companion and servants kept all the *critiques* from her. If she asked: "What do the papers say of me?" they would reply: "The columns are bursting with beautiful adjectives." They never permitted her to know when her star passed into eclipse. The queen with the paper crown, surrounded by her puppet subjects, never knew. It was humane and merciful, but unfair. Suppose that woman had suddenly been deprived of her human props. Suppose she had had to face a cruel, scoffing world, that jeered at her because her gift had passed. The shock would have killed her. In the world of make believe we are not prepared for the buffetings of the real one. That is the reason that an actor or actress, facing a rude, hard problem of business connected with the stage presents a ludicrous, yet a pathetic spectacle.

For the ordinary Thespian the rewards are slight. The artist is one who can please everybody. Everyone is challenged by that person's magnetism. Such a person makes a universal appeal. But the lesser person only appeals to a few and the few are unstable. Accordingly the "bad season," attributed to the bad play, or the bad business management.

And the season after season uncertainty. The poor Methodist preacher depending upon the will of his conference is surer of his poor living than is the actress, who haunts the agents and managers' offices every summer, and if she is selected from among the multitude for a part, is piteously uncertain as to whether the play will run a week. And it is among the possibilities that she will not receive full salary for that. Statistics of the stage prove that the forty-weeks season is among the rarities and that it is not uncommon for an experienced player to have but sixteen weeks' work in a year.

The girl who says: "I want to go upon the stage," and whom some good friend who knows assures: "You are without talent for the stage," often makes a wretched compromise. "I am good looking," she argues. "My looks will bring me a salary." And she is right, but what a wretched salary. For the revolting display of her scantily draped charms she receives a chorus girl's wage. The gasping climax of "Thais" was furnished not by the prima donna, Mary Garden. She would not imperil her health nor her modesty by such anatomical disclosures. To a shapely woman from the chorus this most unpleasant task fell. My manager, Mr. Ziegfeld, used to say to me: "You need not wear tights. We can get someone for twenty dollars a week to do that."

Such an one may think, if she remains on the boards a few years, she has won stage success. Poor unfortunate!

Remember the homelessness of the actor. Actors are the gypsies of modern civilization. In youth this roving, unless the rover be of very fine sensibilities, simply satisfies the *wanderlust*. But in life's autumn, when the blood is chilling, the hearth-fire calls. An artist, in whom the flame of genius burns, is willing to die far from that hearth-fire, in a barn of a theatre, if only the night's performance has been a triumph of his art.

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Motion Picture

(Continued from page 310)

in control, but has established a standard of efficiency in the manufacture and distribution of motion pictures which I could not have believed possible, if I had not been placed in a position to actually observe its development.

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I do not mean by all this that I have the slightest intention of deserting the spoken drama, which is not dead, by a long shot, although sadly crippled. It is sure to "come back," at least measurably and perhaps to the full.

But the pictures are surely here to stay and, we might as well try to check them as to hold Niagara in leash. And for the present they have swamped the spoken drama.

Yours truly,
WILLIAM A. BRADY.

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The New Plays

(Continued from page 320)

and Robert Bodanzky. Adapted from the German by Edgar Smith and Joseph Herbert. Additional lyrics by Matthew Woodward. Produced on October 19th.

It would be difficult for an opera to fail that deals in pleasant things, comical and sentimental, that dances and sings its way through a very human story, and pours out its greatest song from the summit of the peak of the Jungfrau. The two lovers had to reach that remote spot before they were "alone at last." We have a romantic story, music that fits it, for its range reaches, now and then, to grand opera, and Lehar is at his best.

FULTON. "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE." Fantastic comedy in three acts by Eden Phillpotts and Basil MacDonald Hastings. Produced on November 8th.

It was Arnold Daly who really introduced Bernard Shaw to the attention of American theatre-goers. For that they should be grateful, but that this usually intelligent actor should elect for his stellar return such an inept, trifling and stupid concoction as "The Angel in the House" is inexplicable.

PRINCESS. "THE MARK OF THE BEAST." Play in three acts by Georgia Earle and Fanny Cannon. Produced on October 20th.

This play, withdrawn after a few performances, was well enough written, some of the scenes being what is known as powerful, but writing and acting were thrown away. Mr. George Nash, as the Judge, was at his very best. Miss Lenore Ulrich, the Judge's neglected wife, was as pleasing as anyone could be in the circumstances, while the detestable "Jim," Reginald Mason, was all that the worst enemy of such a character could have wished.



NO NEED TO VISIT NEW YORK TO DO MY SHOPPING HEREAFTER—

writes a "Theatre" reader. And she is one of many. Her letter is written from Virginia—but here are a few random selections to be found in our mail any morning:

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"Will you please let me know where I can buy a wardrobe closet like the one pictured in the Theatre Magazine last August?"

And from Brooklyn:

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The success of the Shopping Service of the Theatre Magazine is largely due to the fact that to-day more than ever, the well dressed woman is following the Fashions set by her sisters of the Stage.

Where the doors are closed to others, our Fashion Editress has entrée everywhere—interviewing the greatest artists on the Stage.

When you see a dress or a hat, or a knick knack, or in fact, anything for your person, your boudoir or your home, in "Footlight Fashions," you can depend upon it, that it is the latest "cri."

For instance—in the November issue, the hat originated by Knox for Ina Claire, expresses her own individuality—likewise the chic skating sweater and cap worn by Martha Hedman. And in this number you will find hats selected and worn by such celebrities as Billie Burke, Olga Petrova, Kitty Gordon, and Ruth Shepley—each of them known for their individuality and smartness in dress.

Is it therefore to be wondered that "Footlight Fashions" are really what the well-dressed woman is so eager to see? And does it seem surprising that she, above all others, appreciates the "Theatre" Shopping Service?

These two departments have been a success since their inception, and it will be our constant endeavor to make them so up-to-the-minute that no well-dressed woman can do without her copy of the Theatre Magazine.

Shopping Instructions

Be sure to give full particulars and directions with your shopping requests. Our shoppers are efficient and experienced, but to get the very best results, they must know as nearly as possible your preferences, if any—full measurements, if gowns or wearing apparel are being ordered, and the amount you wish to spend.

Articles are never sent on approval; we should like to accommodate our readers to that extent, but find it is impractical. Send check or money order for the full amount of your purchase. No charge accounts are carried, and no orders will be sent C. O. D. All orders will be sent Express collect, unless otherwise requested. When a reply is desired, a stamped envelope should be enclosed in your letter.

Have you transferred your shopping problems to the

"THEATRE" SHOPPING SERVICE?

There's no time like the present.



"ONYX"



Silk Hosiery Event

of the year

Begins MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29th

The Quality, Style and Beauty of these "ONYX" Items has never been surpassed. For Holiday Gifts, nothing more desirable could be imagined.

FOR WOMEN

ITEM 1—Women's Fine Silk Hose of exceptional merit in Black, White, Bronze, Navy, Suede, and all desirable colors.

\$1.00 per pair

Usually priced \$1.35 to \$1.50

ITEM 2—Consists of a wide assortment of Women's Pure Thread Silk Hose in heavy, medium and gauze weights, both in Black and a variety of colors. Out-sizes in Black only.

\$1.35 per pair

Usually priced \$1.75 to \$2.00

ITEM 3—The hose offered in this item appeal especially to Women of discerning taste—Hand-embroidered Silk Hose with the "Pointex" Heel. The latest designs in Vertical Patterns, also fancy and plain clocks.

\$1.35 per pair

Usually priced \$1.75 to \$2.00

ITEM 4—A new "ONYX" creation in white and black grounds with vertical boot effects.

\$1.65 per pair

Usually priced \$1.95 to \$2.50

ITEM 5—A rare selection of Hand-embroidered Women's Silk Hose in unique designs, including the very newest vertical effects and fancy clockings. Black and White in self and contrasting effects, all with the "Pointex" Heel.

\$1.95 per pair

Usually priced \$2.50 to \$3.00

ITEM 6—Paris Open-work Clocks in Black or White with "Pointex" Heel; particularly desirable.

\$1.95 per pair

Usually priced \$2.75

ITEM 7—Rich English Shot Silk designs in Black and White and White and Black, and many beautiful color combinations—neat, yet smart and seasonable.

\$2.25 per pair

Usually priced \$3.50

ITEM 8—Exquisite Pure Thread Silk Hose, with insertions of Fine Paris Lace in oval designs, "Pointex" Heel. Black and White.

\$2.95 per pair

Usually priced \$4.50

FOR CHILDREN

ITEM 9—An extra fine Ribbed Silk Hose for Boys and Girls. Black and Colors. Sizes 5 to 10. **95c per pair**
Usually priced \$1.25 to \$2.50

FOR MEN

ITEM 10—The finest and most durable Silk Half Hose made for the monsy—Black, White, Navy, Grey, Suede, Purple, and every color required.

50c per pair

ITEM 11—A Heavy Ingrain All-silk Half Hose with "Pointex" or Square Heel in Black and all desirable colors.

\$1.00 per pair

ITEM 12—"OUR CHRISTMAS SPECIAL"—a choice selection in plain colors and clocks.

\$1.35 per pair

Usually priced \$1.75 to \$2.25

ITEM 13—Especially adapted for a Holiday Gift to Men—English design in Shot Effect in a variety of combinations.

\$1.35 per pair

Usually priced \$2.50 to \$3.50

Order by number, and make selections NOW, in order to avoid any possibility of the numbers you wish being "sold out" before you buy.



Fifth Avenue

Lord & Taylor

New York

Footlight Fashions



Photo Sarony

Miss Nash's negligee, worn in the second act of "The New York Idea" was a wonder of crystal encrusted net made up with orange chiffon and deep mauve silk and worn over a straight underslip of pink crepe de chine.

WHEN the name of Miss Mary Nash is mentioned, does it bring to your mind the image of someone with a haunting, rather wistful type of beauty? Large appealing dark eyes? A small face framed in black hair? Or have you, like myself, been to see "The New York Idea" at the Playhouse, where Miss Nash is playing the part of Vida Phillimore, and know that such a description no longer fits. That is, I don't mean about the beauty or the hair and eyes—there is if anything even more of all those three commodities this season—but the type. Miss Nash has complete-

MISS NASH CHANGES HER TYPE.

"The alchemy is quite simple," said Miss Nash, waving me to a chair in her dressing room. "Nothing mysterious about it. It was just getting this particular kind of a part and dressing it accordingly." Up to

now my parts have been mostly shirt-waist-and-suit parts, and I've had to look half-starved into the bargain."

Of course that explanation sounds perfectly plausible as one hears it, but it isn't by any means so simple as all that—"just getting that particular kind of a part and dressing it accordingly." For one thing plenty of actresses get parts demanding a change of type without making their exterior so entirely fit the character. And when we had threshed out the subject a bit more Miss Nash acknowledged that she had spent a lot of time and thought

on her, aided by the artful Julie, who makes all her gowns.

"I tell her about what I want," said Miss Nash, "and together we work the subject out."

"But the final product isn't all a matter of just gowns, Miss Nash," I said. "Haven't you changed your make-up? And your hair seems more midnight black than ever?"

"Well, you see I've exaggerated everything," responded Miss Nash. "I've given myself more color and redder lips and blacker outlined eyes, put a deeper marcel in my hair and massed it more heavily around my face. You might say I'd worked

Clothes Seen On The Stage

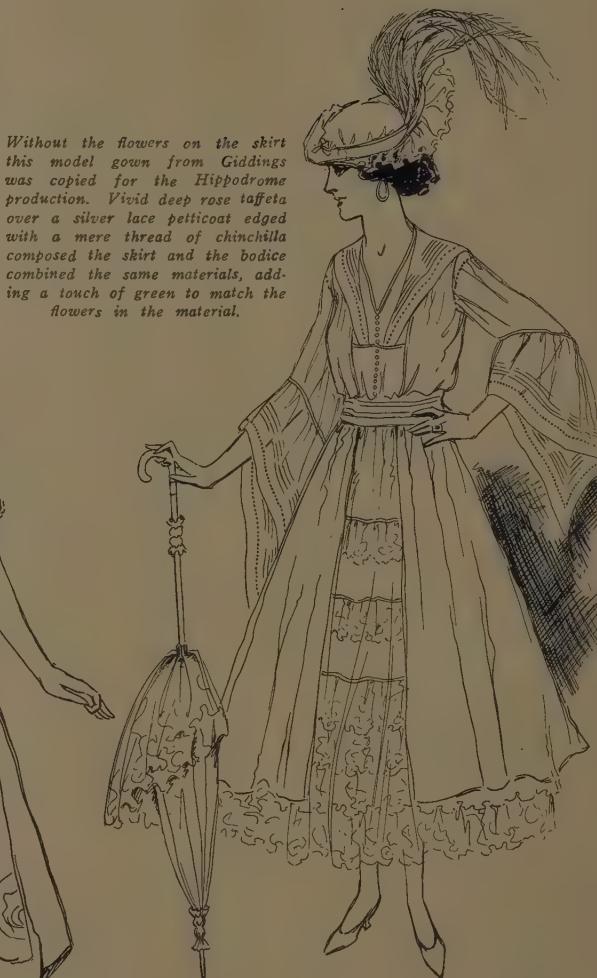
on the principle of some Frenchmen's pet motto, *De l'audace, plus de l'audace, et plus de l'audace.*

THE AUDACIOUS GOWNS.

As to the gowns they are all of that. The first-act dress is of deep yellow chiffon with ruffles, down the front of the skirt, edged in butter-colored valenciennes and headed with a piping of bright green. A yellow hat, velvet crowned and paradise-aigretted has a deep flounce of yellow chiffon falling around the sides and back and a narrow green ribbon around the crown. To complete the costume there is a parasol of bright green velvet frilled with the butter-colored valenciennes and with Miss Nash's black hair she is an overwhelmingly beautiful picture. And she continues in the same way

A dress for a fairy princess to wear at the King's Court, though Giddings designed it for their recent Fashion Show at the Ritz-Carlton! The richest and crisppest of canary taffeta, it is embroidered by hand with pearls and silver thread. Note the back, or rather the absence of it, with the pearl collar and its dangling ornament.

From Russek's. A frock of London smoke chiffon combined with velvet in the orange coral shade and lines of skunk. Its skirt is held out by wires in the same method that Miss Nash's dinner gown employs, and it achieves in its coloring and outline the same effect of dash and smartness.



Without the flowers on the skirt this model gown from Giddings was copied for the Hippodrome production. Vivid deep rose taffeta over a silver lace petticoat edged with a mere thread of chinchilla composed the skirt and the bodice combined the same materials, adding a touch of green to match the flowers in the material.



Miss Nash's first act dress of yellow chiffon ruffled in butter colored valenciennes and piped with bright green! A yellow hat and parasol of bright green velvet also ruffled in butter colored valenciennes complete the costume.

through the series of costumes, from the négligée which follows the yellow dress to the deep pink dinner gown of the last two acts. The négligée in particular was a wonder, of crystal encrusted net made up with orange chiffon and deep mauve silk, and worn over a straight underslip of pink crêpe de chine. I don't dare venture on an exact description of the way it was made, though I had it all carefully shown me. Even to one fairly conversant with the mechanism of clothes it presented all the intricacies of a problem in higher calculus. I can simply give you the coloring and a picture of Miss Nash in it and let you try and work the problem out by yourself.

And as to the matter of changing one's type should you so desire, while I couldn't promise you exactly the same result as Miss Nash has brought about, still where one clever lady has blazed a trail another might follow. You have Miss Nash's word for it that time and study are absolute necessities for any real achievement.

Welcomed by Women Everywhere

The Happy Thought in Gifts™

"In French Ivory and Gold"—14K. Gold Plate, in case of French Ivory lined with velvet and satin—your choice of Purple, Old Rose, Green or Old Gold.



Price
\$5

Milady Décolleté Gillette

A GIFT that is new, unique, very much up to date. A beautiful addition to Milady's toilet table—and one that solves an embarrassing personal problem.

Milady Décolleté Gillette is welcomed by women everywhere—now that

a feature of good dressing and good grooming is to keep the underarm white and smooth.

You can see it in the leading department stores, in drug stores, jewelry and hardware stores.

Ask your dealer—have him get it—or send direct to us. Say which color you prefer in lining of case.

The price is \$5.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
BOSTON

The Satisfaction of Being Distinctively Dressed

cannot always be measured in mere terms of money. Many of New York's best dressed women spend but very modest sums for their gowns.

They discovered the secret in the Maxon Model Gown Shop, where they obtain many of the choicest creations—products of the world's fashion designers—at prices even lower than they formerly paid for an ordinary gown.

No two of our frocks are alike. Each is a model size and each one is perfect in workmanship and detail. If you wear model sizes, come and look over the new Winter models. You are never urged to buy. New consignments each week.

Afternoon, Evening and Street Costumes

Prices from \$20 to \$75

Evening Wraps, Fur Trimmed, \$39 to \$135
Street and Motor Coats \$22 to \$75
No Catalog—No Approval Shipments



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Maxon
Model Gowns
BROADWAY AT 46th ST. NEW YORK

WE heartily recommend all of the articles mentioned in *Footlight Fashions*. If the question of different and special sizes, colors, prices or quality of any of them arises with you, do not hesitate to write Anne Archibald. She will give you all possible information, and it leaves you under no obligation to purchase. *Theatre Magazine Shopping Service*.



Soirée
REG U.S.PAT OFF
THE SILK IRRESISTIBLE

SUPERB by comparison with any other dress silk. Irresistible to women who delight in being richly gowned.

"NOTE"

Pure dyed in the skein. You can remove spots from Soiree with warm water and Ivory soap or tub the entire garment as Soiree is washable—not so with other ultra dress silks. Don't be deceived into buying cheap imitations. Soiree is procurable in every fashionable afternoon and evening color.

Sold by the yard in better class stores, procurable in better class ready-to-wear departments.



Look for Soiree on the selvage.

Soiree label in the garments insure you against so-called imitations.

ROGERS & THOMPSON, Inc.

Creators of Silks Par Excellence

357 4th Ave., N. Y.



A Hat of silver net and tulle created by Knox for
Kitty Gordon now appearing at the Winter Garden
with her usual success.



Ruth Shepley the charming "Grace Tyler" in the Boomerang.
Miss Shepley delights in walking several miles each day.
She has adopted a felt sailor originated by Knox.





Olga Petrova who has the distinction of being applauded nightly on the stage as well as in photoplays, has ten hats specially designed by Knox, one of which is pictured here—a fawn velour sport hat.



Billie Burke, whose fondness for out-door sports is well known, wearing a smart Palm Beach sailor of fine Bankok straw by Knox.



Presents for Xmas

DING one's Christmas shopping early is not the only timely rule for the approaching holidays. One must not only shop early but scientifically, for gifts bought and distributed at random are apt to smack of the huckneyed no matter how much one pays for them.

There is always something radically wrong about a gift that does not fit the recipient, but if you would score a bull's-eye, your selection must not only be suitable, but it should be distinctive of the person-

ality of the giver as well.

It is certainly not an easy problem, but with plenty of time and the wonderful possibilities of the New York shops, one should be able to tick off quite a large list without making a single "faux pas."

One of Broadway's cleverest stars, whose favorite rôle seems to be that of Santa Claus, has already completed her Christmas shopping, and here are a few of the many adorable trinkets her fortunate friends will receive with her good wishes on Christmas morning.



A jacket of oriental ancestry is of black Habutie silk on which pale pink and white cherry blossoms grow in ornamental profusion. \$10.00.



Embroidered in "Chinesy" fashion, a pair of black velvet slippers are Eastern right down to their wooden soles. \$2.50.



An ash receptacle that is entirely odorless itself and with facilities for eliminating all traces of tobacco fumes from the entire room is not only a convenience but a blessing. By simply pressing the plunger all accumulation of smokers' rubbish magically disappears into a vacuum compartment and by heating a tiny platinum tube in the side wick provided for this purpose, formaldehyde gas is generated which instantly clears the atmosphere. This Aladdin Ash pot is finished in old copper and is priced at five dollars.

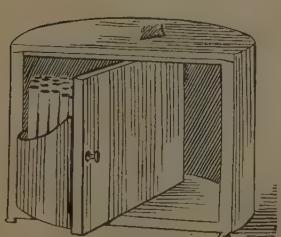
"Some like it hot—some like it cold"—but you can have it either way with this new Thermos Jug. A container so decorative and practical is essentially for home use and would easily lend itself to many convenient purposes. The one quart size is priced at five dollars.



The mission of this Lady Fair is to closely guard the escaping scent from your perfume bottle. She is exquisitely attractive, exceedingly ornamental and very useful. What more could one ask of a lady? \$3.75.



A charming white enameled wicker powder-puff basket, large enough to hold a generous supply of one's favorite powder and a six-inch puff. A French blue silk bag lines the basket. \$6.50.



Something new in cigarette accessories is a humidor made to hold fifty cigarettes, with a revolving door. Of Prince's silver plate, is priced at \$9.50.

"Le Sapphire Merveilleux"

Dedicated by the Ancients to Apollo and by the Moderns to Fashion



In a copy of an antique French setting a particularly splendid sapphire is surrounded by fine French rhinestones. These small stones are exquisitely set, like for line stone for stone is the original. The ring is priced at \$6.85.



No one minds a ball and chain when the chain is of very finest sterling silver and the ball is a sparkling cluster of tiny sapphires. Time has made no ravages upon the popularity of ear-rings. The drop variety are specially popular this winter and this attractive pair is priced at only \$2.95.



A heavenly color was the blue in the cabochon sapphires set in a wonderful bar pin of sterling silver with flecks of black enamel. At \$4.50 the price was quite as unusual as the design.



Readers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE who wish to know the names of the shops where these articles and those on other pages are purchasable can have them by enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for reply and state the date of publication.



That a beautiful white arm may appear even more dazzling white, a velvet bracelet may be worn and as an excuse for being worn at all it sports a rhinestone ball. \$8.25. The vogue for flexible bracelets is responsible for this one of sterling silver and French rhinestones. Its wonderful brilliancy is lasting as it can be refinished from time to time and made to look quite new again. \$5.95.

Hand Embroidered Gifts

Hand embroidery ranks high among the "pretties" of all the daintily clothed women of the stage. Here are a few chosen ones that would make lovely Christmas gifts.



This sheer linen collar with its "val-
edge is matched by a pair of cuffs. In
ported from France and priced at \$12.50.

A collar of unusual shape. Not only in its outline different, but the necklines are particularly good. It is hand embroidered on net and is priced at \$2.50.



This year's crop of new "handkies" show hems a little wider than usual. Sheer linen ones with a cut out hem range in price from \$1.50 for a simple design to \$5.00 for one with hand-appliqued dots.



The basket of roses hand-kie below is Swiss embroidery and costs one dollar, which is the price of the scalloped sample of the work of Sun Spain, the chrysanthemum design of Iris embroidery and Madeira. The Armenian one with the lace edge costs \$2.00.

*Ethel Barrymore
showing a
Heatherbloom Petticoat*

"It's graceful, bouffant, practical and serviceable, and at the same time elegant. Made in all the fashionable shades."

These lines are from Ethel Barrymore's great comedy success "*Our Mrs. McChesney*," by Edna Ferber, now at the Lyceum Theatre, New York.

The play is built around

HEATHERBLOOM

**The Petticoat that Made the
Play Possible**

The new wide skirts now, more than ever, make Heatherbloom Petticoats a necessity.

At all good stores

Write for free "*Petticoat Panorama*"
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Makers of **Hydegrade** Weaves



Fashions Afoot!

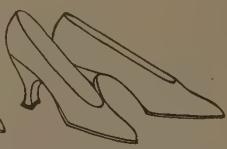
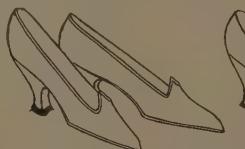
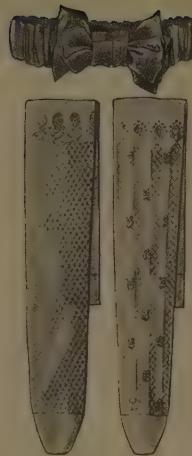
A NATION known to have the most perfect feet in the world should give them the consideration they deserve.

This is ostensibly a season of feet! The very short skirt of the street grows shorter still at the dance until the matter of dressing one's feet comes even before the dressing of one's coiffure.

Women of the stage have always realized the importance of properly considering their feet when arranging a general effect. Even so seemingly trivial a matter as a heel will make or mar a costume. For this reason a bootmaker with a large theatrical clientèle is apt to know the kind of footwear that will magically transform thick ankles and the wrong kind of toes into symmetrical lines.

Styles in slippers and shoes are more settled this year than last. But you can "go the limit" as far as stockings are concerned.

As long as you care to say "it expresses my personality," you may be as gay or as odd as you please in your selection of stockings.



The metallic laces that are being used so much have sponsored the vogue for gold and silver slippers to match either your dress flounces or your stockings, \$6.00.

One wears a rhinestone buckle on a perfectly plain pump of satin this season. All stock colors \$3.00. An additional fifty cents will make it specially of your own material.

A bowknot of white iridescent beads makes a distinctive ornament on a slipper of white kid, and relieves the plainness of the all-white slipper and stocking. \$4.50.

With a satin toe and a velvet heel this slipper will match in material two different costumes and look exceptionally well with both of them. \$4.50.

L. M. HIRSCH Sample Shoe Co.



GOLD or SILVER CLOTH PUMP \$6.00
Same style in Patent Leather or
Dull Kid.....\$3.50



SATIN PUMP, turn sole, 2-in.
Louis XV heel, all colors... \$3.00
BRONZE BEADED PUMP..... \$4.50
Silk Hosiery to match 95c and \$1.50.
Silk Hosiery dyed to match color of gown
from sample \$2.00.

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Trial Box of 10
SHAH'DUR CIGARETTES
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Your money will be returned at once if you are in any way dissatisfied. You need not return any of the cigarettes. Just say you are displeased and back goes your 20 cents without argument.

So here is the way to learn without risk the delights of the finest real Turkish Cigarettes we believe it possible to produce. Free from all adulterants and heavy nicotine, you will find them as healthful as they are delicious.

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PERFECTLY ODORLESS

The smoke consumer attachment absorbs all floating smoke and prevents the odor from settling in curtains, hangings, etc.

Made of Copper, Brass and Nickel
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beautiful booklets.

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Swift & Company



You owe it to
your hair to
shampoo with
"PACKER'S"



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NAIL POLISH

GIVES your nails a brilliant, lustrous finish, lasting longer than ordinary nail polish, delicately perfumed, faintly tinted, and absolutely waterproof. Send for your generous FREE sample of HYGLO Powder. Powder-form, in celluloid bottle, retail at 25c. Case-form retails at 50c. On sale everywhere.

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American Beauty Blush Cloth
imparts a natural rosiness to the most delicate skin and gives complexion the healthy color coveted by every woman. Easily carried in purse or glove. Concealed in handkerchief, can be applied in a crowd unnoticed. Absolutely harmless—Perspiration proof—Suppliants rouge—No greasy film—No staining—No delicate tint. Sent prepaid for 25c., or 5 for \$1. Your money back if not thoroughly satisfied. THE WIMBROUGH CO., 25 E. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.

Bind Your Numbers with
The New Theatre Magazine Binder
ONLY \$3.00—All Charges Prepaid

Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

H. R. C., Boise, Ida.—Q.—Have you a good account of the development of American drama? 2. Do you publish criticisms of the plays of Fitch, Belasco, Thomas, et al?

A.—We would advise you to read "The Drama To-Day," by Charlton Andrews, published by Lippincott, "Aspects of Modern Drama" by Frank W. Chandler, published by Macmillan. You can obtain either of these books, and also other works on this subject, through the Book Department of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. 2. Yes. We publish criticisms of all plays produced in New York.

L. J. Fern, Philadelphia.—Q.—Kindly inform me whether a Mr. Fred H. Speare is playing the leading juvenile rôle in A. H. Woods' new production "Abe and Mawruss."

A.—Mr. Speare is appearing as Boris Andrieff in "Abe and Mawruss" at the Lyric Theatre.

H. D., Cincinnati, O.—Q.—Is Marie Doro to appear in a new play this season? 2. Will Marguerite Clark ever return to the stage? 3. Has Margaret Anglin consented to appear in a film version of "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" for the Famous Players?

A.—At the beginning of the season it was announced that Marie Doro would appear in a new play by Rudolf Besier under the management of Charles Frohman, Inc. She is now appearing in the movies, and is shortly to be seen in a film version of "Diplomacy." 2. No. 3. The Famous Players Film Co. are contracting with Miss Anglin for her screen appearance in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," but nothing definite has been announced.

M. H. M., Jersey City.—Q.—Will you kindly tell me if Franklin Batie of "A World of Pleasure" company has sung for any phonograph company? 2. Where can I purchase some photographs of him?

A.—He has never sung for any phonograph company. 2. You can obtain photographs of him from White Studio, 1546 Broadway, New York City.

Buckeye State Subscriber.—Q.—How was the word "Tante" in the play of that name pronounced on the stage? Was it given the true French pronunciation? 2. Where can I obtain "Tante" in play form? 3. When did the death of Maurice Barrymore and of Georgie Drew Barrymore occur?

A.—The play you mention was pronounced "Tan-ter" on the stage. It was not given the French pronunciation. 2. It is not published in play form. 3. Maurice Barrymore died in 1905 and George Drew Barrymore died in 1893.

W. M. H., Fayetteville, Ark.—Q.—Could you please direct me where to go or whom to see to get on the stage?

A.—A good way to gain stage experience is to join some stock company in your own city playing small rôles at first and working your way up. Otherwise to get the proper training it is necessary to attend some good dramatic school.

Reader, Jersey City, N. J.—Q.—Will you publish an interview with Julia Arthur? 2. How many years is it since she has been seen on the stage? 3. What is her name off the stage?

A.—Yes, probably in our next issue. 2. Sixteen years. 3. Mrs. Benjamin Cheney.

I. E. J., Milwaukee, Wis.—Q.—Will you please give me some information concerning Miss Billie Burke. 2. In what issue of your publication are her photographs, scenes from her plays, etc. 3. Is it possible to obtain in book form, photographs of the various stage celebrities?

A.—Billie Burke was born in Washington and educated in France. During 1898 and 1899 she toured through Austria, Germany, Russia, and France, and subsequently appeared in pantomime at Glasgow and Sheffield. Her début on the regular stage was made at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, May 9, 1903, in "The School Girl." After that she appeared in "The Duchess of Dantzig," "The Blue Moon," "La Comme," "The Belle of Mayfair," "Mr. George," and "Mrs. Ponderby's Past." On August 31, 1907, she made her American debut in "My Wife" with John Drew at the Empire Theatre. In 1908 she was starred at the Lyceum Theatre in "Love Watches." Since then she has been successful in "Mrs. Dot," "Suzanne," "The Runaway," "The Mind-the-Paint Girl," and "Jerry." 2. We have painted so many pictures of Miss Burke that it is impossible to print a complete list here. You will find a recent photograph of her in this issue. Since her début in this country we have published pictures of her in all the characters she has appeared in, scenes from all her plays, and reviews of the plays. If there are any particular pictures you would like to have we shall be glad to name the numbers in which they appear. 3. We do not know of any book published. Bound volumes of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE contain excellent pictures of the stage celebrities.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles



Photo Ira L. Hill
Miss
Kitty Gordon
that superb woman and artiste,
writes—

"I should like to tell you how very excellent your Valaze is. I am using it every day with splendid results and can honestly say it is the best I have ever used. I shall certainly recommend it to my friends. Your other preparations are delicious also."

Ritty Gordon.

Not all women have the same charm. Some seemingly lack every charm. But only *seeming*, for every woman can have one charm—that of an attractive complexion. And in

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you have the only scientific specific which cleanse away the dirt that naturally blurs the complexion. It prevents the skin lapsing into wrinkles, frees it from blotches, drab appearance, freckles and sallowness.

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Madame Petrova in a Velutina gown of mouse gray. You see how simply it is made, with its big buttons and buttonholes for the only ornament. "A working frock" Madame Petrova calls this, but she has four others of the same material in her wardrobe for different occasions.



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THE turn of Fashion's wheel has made velvet one of the favorite materials of the season. For one thing it is the natural complement of fur—nothing goes quite so well with fur as velvet—and everyone knows what a fur fad is at present. Then we are getting back again to the natural curves of the figure, and velvet, with its draping and molding qualities, is the fabric best suited to bringing out a beautiful figure.

Could you ask for anything more stunning, for example, than Madame Olga Petrova in a velvet gown? Though I had known Madame Petrova only through her stage and moving picture work she had always seemed to me what might be termed a "velvet lady."

Velvet belonged by right to her not only for the sheathing of her beautiful outline, but because of something in her exotic personality.

I wanted to write about Madame Petrova in that connection and though the lady had no idea for what purpose I had come to see her, my scenery was all arranged for me, as it were, by finding her, when I did go, in a velvet gown, mouse gray—the very gown shown here in the picture. "A working frock" Madame Petrova called it and added when she learned the purpose of my errand.

"Yes, you're quite right. I do love velvet. I've always worn it ever since I've had long dresses and always I have three or four velvet dresses in my wardrobe at the same time. I don't bother much with the fashions, wearing what pleases me and suits my type, and hoping that will also please the people who care about me. The others don't matter. But just now, you see, because of the great vogue of velvet I am entirely up-to-date.

"Do you know I have an actual physical liking for velvet, if I may be allowed to say so. The texture

of it pleases me the same way a delicious entrée or the feel of the sun would. Just now I am so delighted with a new velvet fabric what has lately come to my notice. Or rather I had one dress of it in the spring and was so charmed with it that I am having all my frocks made of the same material. It's rather stupid of me not to have got hold of the stuff before, because it's been on the market for some time. But somehow it had escaped me. Don't you suppose your readers would be interested to know about it in case it has also escaped them?"

"Yes, indeed I do," I said. "What do they call it?"

"Velutina," replied Madame Petrova. "That's by way of being a kind of diminutive, isn't it? As if the manufacturers felt Velutina were a finer and rarer variation of velvet. I really think it is. Feel the stuff in this frock. See how it clings, how pliable it is—almost like broadcloth."

"And by the way," Madame Petrova went on enthusiastically, "it's an imported material. It comes from England—from the Manchester Mills there. A friend of mine, talking about the war the other day, said that a hundred and four thousand men had already been recruited from the Manchester regiment, and the mills there were almost entirely operated by women. They tell me that that cripes production and makes the velvets somewhat scarcer to obtain, but I am féminist enough to think because the women are back of the looms perhaps the quality of the material turned out this season is all the finer."

"Anyway have I given you what you wanted?" Madame Petrova inquired anxiously as I made my departure.

"You couldn't possibly have been more satisfactory," I replied. And you've proven I was right. You are a "velvet lady."

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Miss Ferber set out to slay the mediocre chemical blonde, gum-chewing person we had been unfairly regarding as typical of the saleswoman class of to-day, and with the wonderful co-operation of Miss Ethel Barrymore has succeeded in entirely changing our minds regarding ladies in business.

Having fully decided on Emma, Miss Ferber looked about for something for her to sell—something well known, well thought of, with a feminine appeal—something as distinctive as the personality she had created—and her mind travelling to petticoats, instantly went to Heatherbloom, which she cleverly transformed into "Feather-

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Looking at a shimmering length it seems almost impossible to believe that a material so wonderfully silky could really be a cotton taffetas. Every fold, every rustle, every feel of it seems silk, yet so sure are its makers of its ability to stand on its own merits, that they are willing to advertise it as guaranteed not to contain a thread of silk."

Imagine a white stone so perfect that its owner was proud to say "absolutely not a diamond" or a metal so fine that one felt constrained to describe it as "not gold."

This is the kind of pride its makers have in Heatherbloom, "guaranteed not to contain a thread of silk!"

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To-day as bouffant as the petticoat of yesterday was scant, a lovely blue one has rows of bounces scalloped like petals, and to heighten the flower-like effect a pompadour material is employed. \$8.00.



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In preparation numerous plays by American
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One---Mme. Rubinstein



INTERVIEWS are nice things—at least from the standpoint of the interviewer. They mean meeting someone worth while, someone who has contributed something towards existence and has interesting things to tell.

I've just had such an interview with Madame Helena Rubinstein—Madame Rubinstein, you know, who contributes to the gaiety of nations by furnishing lovely skins to those women not fortunate enough to be endowed with them by nature or by assisting those so favored in the preservation of their beauty. "Nations" is not an exaggeration either, as any letterhead of Madame's stationery can testify, with its list of establishments, one apiece for the English, the French, the Americans, the New Zealanders, and two for Australia.

Of Russian birth Madame Rubinstein had lived the greater part of her life in Paris, when she was not travelling either in connection with her work, or for relaxation from it. Last season she came to America for the first time to open up the New York branch that is her youngest child in the chain of establishments and expected to stay only a few weeks. But the pressure of work has kept her month after month, and even now she sees no immediate prospect of return.

"I like your New York," she said, "but everything goes at such a frightful rush. One has not time to call one's soul one's own. I need Paris for refreshment, though, of course, everything is very different there now. Four months of New York, four months of Paris and four of travelling I should consider an ideal way of marking off the year."

True cosmopolitan that she is, Madame Rubinstein was conducting the interview in fluent English with just enough flavor of the foreign accent to give everything she said an added piquancy and character. Her vocabulary, what one might call a literary vocabulary, could put to shame a good many people born into the English language. I asked her how it came about that she spoke our tongue so beautifully.

"I learned in Russia as a girl," she replied, "where English is taught in the schools, and then, of course, I have had American women coming to my establishment in Paris for years, and I have been in

London a great deal myself. I must be able to talk English else I can't really get at the needs of my clients."

"I admire enormously your young American girls of whom I am having so many come to me. And a good thing! Because however lovely they start out being there is something about your dry climate and your mad rush of living that makes them age more quickly than the women of other countries. They must be very particular in the care of themselves. And a good many are. I have American women who have been coming to me for fifteen years on the other side, and I cannot see that much," measuring off an infinitesimal space between her thumb and forefinger, "difference in them. I know they must be fifty but they don't look a minute over thirty-five. To be sure they take infinite pains in the care of their faces and never let a day go by without using my preparations."

"All my preparations, by the way, that I don't get from Paris and Russia I make right here with my own hands. And I have a very, very interesting one—really quite wonderful—for red veins in any part of the face, especially those that come around the nostrils. I can't advertise it very much because it is made of a certain flower grown on the other side and only obtainable in August, and because of the war I have only a limited amount to dispose of."

"One thing I do miss very much over here and that is being personally in touch with the doctors on the other side. Letters are not the same thing. I have three 'special' doctor cousins, and connections as well with every big doctor in Europe. When I go to Berlin or Vienna or St. Petersburg I see and talk with them and they keep me au courant with everything that is latest and newest in science."

I wish I had more space to tell you of the fetching bayadère striped Poiret frock and the Tappé toque in black velvet with red flowers that Madame Rubinstein was wearing. I wish I could tell you as well of her original ideas on fashions themselves. Printers, however, are autocratic creatures. "Not here, not now!" Perhaps I shall be allowed to do so a little later in the year.

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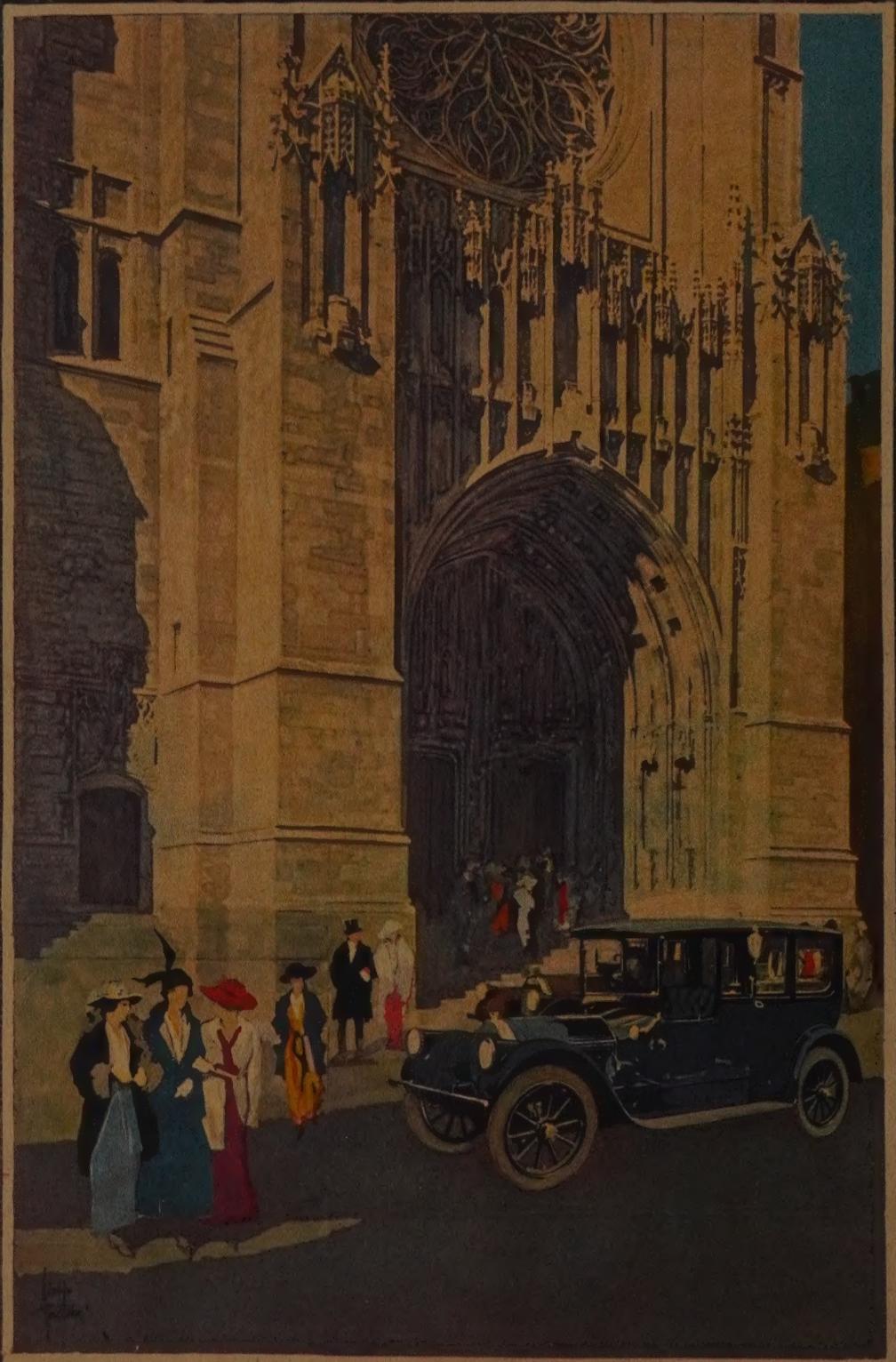


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